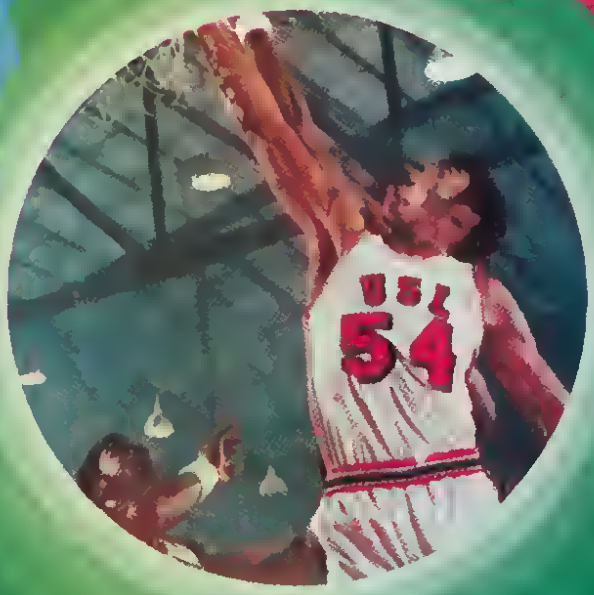
Sports Illustrated
MARCH 20, 1972 60 CENTS

NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP









1972 TORONADO.
THERE'S NOTHING COMMON ABOUT IT.



It has six unique features.
Five of them have nothing to do with luxury.

1 Front drive. Instead of the rear wheels pushing the Toronado, the front wheels pull it. You can't appreciate this advantage in traction until you try to dig out of snow. Or mud.

2 Flat floor up front. Front drive eliminates the hump; even the middle-seat passenger rides comfortably.

3 High-level signal lights, neatly sculpted into the rear deck of the car. Click on your turn signal or apply your brakes, and the driver in back of you gets a double warning.

4 It's built, patiently and carefully on its own production line, by men who work on no other cars.

5 It breathes differently. Dual air intakes, coupled with an air scoop, direct the air to the radiator. Cooler air is ducted directly to the carburetor.

6 Luxury. You don't just see it, you experience it. When you test drive the Toronado, feel its weight; stretch out in its roominess; listen to its purr; enjoy the coddling ride. The solid handling of the Toronado — combined with all of the GM safety features — helps contribute to a genuine feeling of security. Any way you look at it, we think you'll find this a truly unique automobile.

OLDSMOBILE
ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD

You can still drive a bargain at Avis.

While everything else in the world seems to be going sky-high, Avis is full of ways for you to get a deal: day, week, or weekend specials... combinations and packages through us or your travel agent.

Take a look at the nine bargains below and you'll see just what we mean.

Hawaiian Aloha Special

Four different seven-day offers. Starting at $77—400 free miles for a sub-compact. Any combination of islands. Seven-day minimum rental days need not be consecutive but must fall within 30 day period. No discounts or gas.

7-11 Day

$7 a day 11¢ a mile on Plymouth Duster, Dodge Demon or similar cars. No advance reservations, discounts or gas. Return car where rented. Available at most Avis locations but not available weekends in metropolitan New York.

7-11 Weekend

$7 a day 11¢ a mile on Plymouth Fury III or similar car. Reservations accepted. No discounts or gas. Return car where rented. Available at most Avis locations but not available in metropolitan New York.

7-11 Week

$7 a [illegible] 11¢ [illegible] or [illegible]

Florida Safari

[illegible]

12-11

[illegible]

Dine on Avis

[illegible]

See America, $109 Unlimited Mileage

[illegible]

See America, $109 Rent it here, leave it there

[illegible]

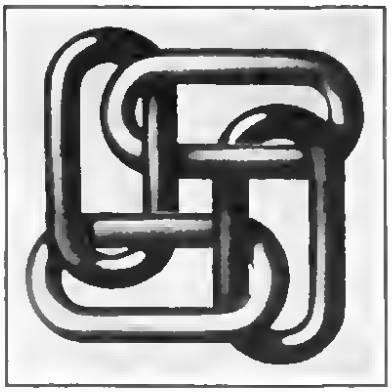
Avis is going to be No. 1. We try harder.

© AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC., A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF [illegible]

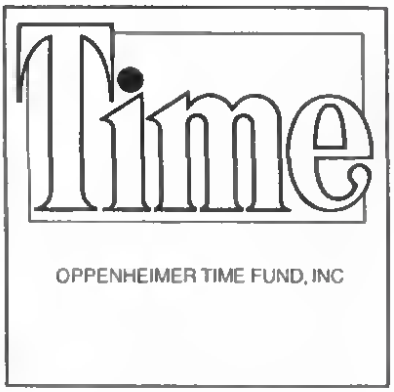
Three different mutual funds: because all investors are not alike.



Oppenheimer Fund, Inc.
Our first fund;
one in which the management takes what it considers prudent risks in an effort to make your money grow.



Oppenheimer A.I.M. Fund, Inc.
Our second fund.
Here, the management takes somewhat greater risks in an effort to achieve greater gains.



Oppenheimer Time Fund, Inc.
Our newest fund;
in which the management assumes greater than average risks in an effort to accomplish greater than average growth.

OPPENHEIMER MANAGEMENT CORPORATION
One New York Plaza, New York 10004

Gentlemen: Please send me a free prospectus on the Oppenheimer Fund ☐ Oppenheimer A.I.M. Fund ☐ Oppenheimer Time Fund ☐

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Dept. Q

Contents

MARCH 20, 1972 *Volume 36, No. 12*

10 Shoot-out at the T Bar M
With Billie Jean and Nancy packing the big guns, the showdown between two cool kids never occurred

14 Putting on a Wild West Show
Intense competition among older horses at Santa Anita set the stage for the track's best day in years

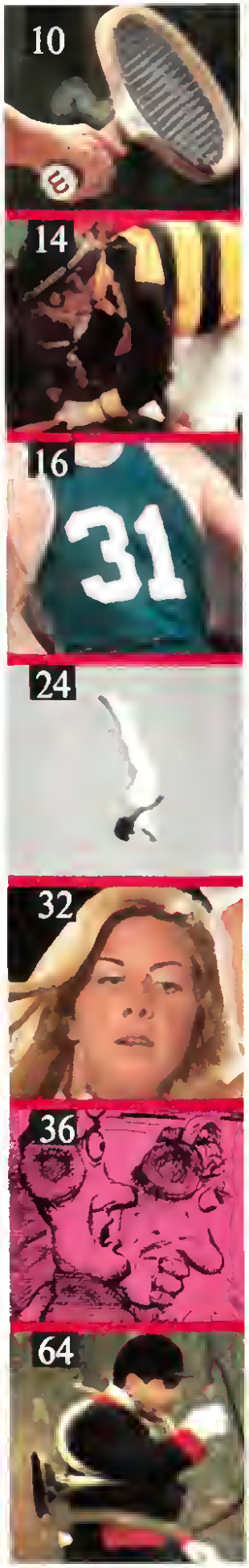
16 Tip-off for UCLA's Big Invitation
At tournament time, the next best in college basketball are back for another run at the perennial champions

24 Down, Down and Away!
It's not a bird, it's not a plane. The chap falling out of a balloon 80 feet onto a mattress is—Sponge Diver!

32 She Never Played with Dolls
But in Paula Sperber's case nobody gives it a thought, because the 1971 Bowler of the Year is such a doll herself

36 Things That Go Boom in the Night
In the darkness, Snow Rangers in Alta blast away with heavy artillery at deadly enemies, the avalanches

64 A Song of Hound and Horn
A Michigan bushwhacker whose deerslaying technique was sadly common learns the noble art from French gentry



The departments

6 Scorecard
48 People
53 Swimming
56 Baseball
61 Golf
76 For the Record
78 19th Hole

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James R. Shepley, President; Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer, Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands $12.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world $8.50 a year, all others $16.00 a year

Credits on page 76

Next week

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, Rico Petrocelli, but you and the Red Sox would be even better if you could wrap your troubles in doubles. Barry McDermott reports from spring training.

DESERT RATS, American style, are the two-legged kind currently seen fleeing the cities for the perilous joys of off-road racing across the wastes in dune buggies and such.

THE TIMES OF BEST are not always the best of times these days as Britain's greatest soccer star, 25-year-old George Best, continues to combine birds, bubbly and the game.

© 1972 TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT PERMISSION IS PROHIBITED.



Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine—100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71

Frost 8/80 Dry White Whisky:

The color is white. The taste is dry. The possibilities are endless.

This is the first whisky that makes every drink taste really better.

That's because this is the better whisky.

And here's what makes it so unique.

We filter the finest from the barrel through hardwood, softwood and nutshell charcoals.

The taste is full, and yet subtly dry.

It doesn't get lost in your drink. It's always there and always great.

Try it with any mixer or even on the rocks, find out just how much better it is.

FROST 8/80

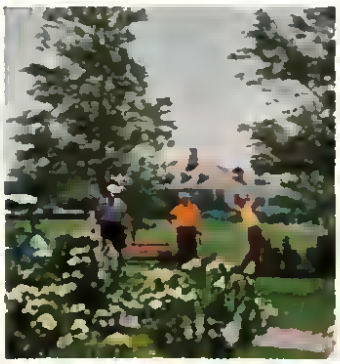


WHISKY • 80 PROOF • BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORP. • LOUISVILLE, KY. © 1971

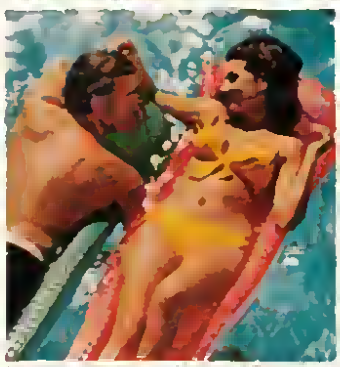


GETTING AWAY FROM BUSINESS IS GOOD FOR BUSINESS!

Winter is a great time for you to get away from business and relax in sunny Las Vegas. After a few days in the Nevada desert you will return to the office tan and relaxed, feeling like a leader and looking like the boss. When the secretaries stop chasing you around the desk you can tell your business associates all about your Las Vegas trip: clear desert air and moonlit nights, lavish entertainment, gourmet dining, and luxurious accommodations. You will have to stretch the truth about the cost though.....Las Vegas rates are so low you won't look like a high roller if you tell it like it is. Only your travel agent will know.









VISIT LAS VEGAS

For free Las Vegas golf-tennis brochure write Paul Titus, Las Vegas Convention Center, P.O. Box 14006, Las Vegas, Nevada 89114

FROM THE BEST RUN COMPANY IN THE SKY. THE ONLY 747s WITH 2 LOUNGES AND A PUB.

To Los Angeles, Denver and Honolulu—for beer, popcorn, pretzels and fun, call your travel agent or Continental Airlines at 686-6500.



CONTINENTAL AIRLINES
THE PROUD BIRD WITH THE GOLDEN TAIL

100% Blended Scotch Whisky 80-86 proof House of Stuart, New York New York

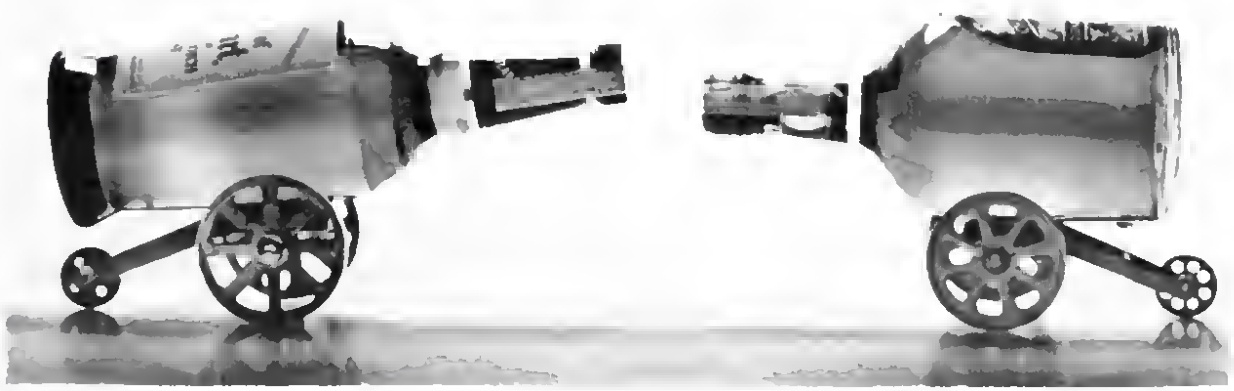
The House of Stuart challenges The House of Chivas

Word is out that people in the privacy of their homes are pouring an inexpensive scotch into fancy scotch bottles. And they're getting away with it. Well, Chivas Regal and Johnnie Walker and J&B, we thought you'd like to know the other scotch is probably us. House of Stuart.

House of Stuart Scotch is blended on the shores of Loch Lomond—and you can't be more Scotch than that. But it's shipped here in bulk and bottled here. So it costs much less than the bottled-in-Scotland scotches it tastes just as good as.

So, expensive scotch distillers, if one day in Scotland you run out of scotch to pour in your bottles, just ring our distillery down the road and we'll gladly send over some of ours. And no one will be the wiser.

HOUSE OF STUART



Do you turn to the sports page before the front page?

If you read about RBIs before the FBI, long bombs before atomic bombs and Pistol Pete before gun laws, the *Sports Illustrated Book Club* has something for you.

Books about football. Baseball. Basketball. Hockey. Golf. Tennis. Boxing. And books about the heavyweights in each sport.

Ali floats through the pages of *Sting Like a Bee*. Kareem Jabbar and Big Wilt knock heads in *Basketball*

In *I Am Third*, you'll learn why Gale Sayers won the 1970 Most Courageous Player award.

After you read *Brian Piccolo A Short Season*, you'll understand why he gave the award to his teammate.

Somebody ought to give Jim Bouton a Most Courageous Writer award for *I'm Glad You Didn't Take It Personally*

3 for $3.

To join the *Sports Illustrated Book Club*, select any three books They're yours for only $3, plus postage and handling. Once a member of the *Club*, you have to buy as few as four books in the next 12 months, always paying special members' prices Which average 15% to 20% below list price

And if you join the *Club* now, you'll also receive free the 1971-72 paperback edition of the *Guinness Book of World Records*

Which, along with our books, can help cheer you up after you read the front page



5221 **The Gamemakers – George Sullivan** Pro locker room secrets [illegible] Last price $7.95)

3689 **Joe Paterno "Football My Way" – Mervin Hyman and Gordon White** Jr Anti-intellectual coach. Last price $6.95)

5163 **Gamblers Digest – Edited by Clement McQuaid** How to win [illegible] List price $6.95)

5080 **Sting Like a Bee The Muhammed Ali Story – José Torres** List price $6.95)

5478 **The Hole Truth – Tommy Bolt** Inside big money golf (List price $5

1238 **The Super-Athletes – David Willoughby** A [illegible] record [illegible] List price [illegible]

5239 **Buying Country Property – Irving Price** The pitfalls List price $5.95

5486 **The Broadcasters – Red Barber** [illegible] e $6.95)

3671 **Oh How They Played the Game – Allison Danzig** The early days of football (List price [illegible])

5312 **The New York Times Guide to Spectator Sports – Leonard Koppett** (List price [illegible])

1139 **The Nazi Olympics – Richard Mandell** (List price [illegible])

1857 **They Call It a Game – Bernie Parrish** A behind-the-scenes disclosure of the backroom workings of pro football List price $7.95

6989 **Ball Four – Jim Bouton** (List price $6.95)

5213 **Tennis (3 Volumes) – Bill Talbert and Bruce Old** How to improve your strokes As well as your singles and doubles game (List price $19.95) Counts as 2 books

1253 **The Science of Hitting – Ted Williams with John Underwood** (List price $5.95)

1279 **I'm Glad You Didn't Take It Personally – Jim Bouton** What happened after Ball Four hit the [illegible] List price $5.95)

1824 **And Every Day You Take Another Bite – Larry Merchant** How [illegible] football List price [illegible])

1816 **The Complete Book of Bicycling – Eugene A Sloane** (List price $9.95)

2152 **Basketball – Joe Jares** How the game grew up All the way to 7'2" Kareem Jabbar (List price $12.95)

5767 **Master Bridge – Alan Truscott** Instruction by the Bridge Editor of the New York Times List price $6.95)

8647 **A Thinking Man's Guide to Pro Football – Paul Zimmerman** The Xs and Os put into ABCs (List price $6.95)

7029 **Lombardi Winning Is The Only Thing – Edited by Jerry Kramer** List price $6.95)

7037 **The Game That Was – Myron Cope** Pro football back in the days of the 60 minute player List price $10.00)

6039 **Brian Piccolo A Short Season – Jeannie Morris** Cancer couldn't kill his spirit (List price $5.95)

1709 **The Complete Walker – Colin Fletcher** (List price $7.95)

5817 **I Am Third – Gale Sayers with Al Silverman** A man who could become an immortal Or a cripple List price $6.95)

Sports Illustrated Book Club

[illegible] West [illegible] New [illegible] N Y 10036

Please enroll me as a member in the *Sports Illustrated Book Club* at the [illegible] the three books I have indicated Bill me only $3 plus shipping and handling for all three books **Also send me free my Guinness Book of World Records** I understand I will receive about every four weeks the *Sports Illustrated Book Club News* describing a main selection and alternates If I wish the main selection I do nothing and it will automatically be sent to me If I prefer an alternate or no book at all I merely advise you by using the convenient form provided I agree to buy at least four additional books during the next 12 months always paying special members' prices plus shipping and handling I may resign any time thereafter

3SIOM



Indicate by number your choice. [] [] []

PRINT

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

SCORECARD

Edited by ROY BLOUNT JR

THE GOOSE THAT KILLS

Off-Track Betting has created an ever-increasing source of revenue for New York City since it arrived last April 8 like a golden egg. The operation will no doubt be emulated around the country. But OTB has also helped cause a notable decline in on-track attendance and handle. The State of New York, which takes the largest bite out of the track bettor's dollar, 10%, has responded with a bid to take over OTB. Let the city and state fight it out as they will—as long as everyone keeps sight of just which goose is laying which kind of egg. The real question is how much OTB money will go to the tracks.

In France the tracks get 10.45% of off-track money, and racing is prospering. In Britain the tracks get only .5% from the bookmakers, and some tracks have suffered severe reverses. In New York the tracks get 1% of OTB revenue, which is not enough to offset what OTB takes away. The tracks' losses are being passed on to horsemen in the form of diminishing purses. The horsemen will go where they can get more money. Unless the New York tracks get a substantially larger cut from OTB, there will eventually be no action, much less golden eggs, either off-track or on.

NO-SPACE AGE

"Wilderness rationing," says a spokesman for the California Forest Service, "is a last-ditch management stance." It will be two or three years, the spokesman said, before the wilds of California have to be meted out to consumers as gasoline and butter were during World War II.

But the Federal Government has just announced, for the first time in the nation's history, camping restrictions which come close to rationing. Kings Canyon National Park in the Rae Lakes area along California's John Muir Trail will be limited to 15,000 visitors (a visitor being defined as one person staying for 12 hours) for the season. Once the maximum allowable visitor total is reached, "park rangers will encourage people to plan their trips so that they pass through the area rather than stay overnight," says the Department of the Interior.

Similar regulations will be imposed in Tennessee's Great Smoky Mountains National Park, Colorado's Rocky Mountain National Park and other wilderness areas that begin to show "clear evidence of biological or physical damage" as the summer progresses.

Who would have thought 200 years ago, while contemplating the American wilderness, that tourists could ever wear it out?

REMEMBER WHEN

There is a new '50s, shoohy-doo-style record out, by a group known as Ronnie and the Daytonas, about a youth who gets in trouble raising money to take his girl to the senior prom. The girl's lament ends as follows:

And I'll always send you mail,
While you're serving time in jail
For throwing the high school
basketball game.

SNE'S NOT THE SAME ELEPNANT

Ted DeWayne, owner of a 6,500-pound performing elephant named Bimbo Jr., has collected $6,800 damages in a Los Angeles court from the driver of an automobile that hit Bimbo's trailer in 1969, apparently leaving the elephant with a whiplash injury. It is impossible to be sure of the whiplash, DeWayne conceded, because it is so hard to X-ray an elephant. But DeWayne did establish that the accident caused Bimbo to lose interest in water skiing and dancing.

BUT DON'T BRING BEER CANS

Won't you let me take you on a containerized cruise? The Holland-America Line's most recently launched cruise ship has a capacity of only 300 to 400 passengers—the same as a jumbo jet's. Such a jet will leave New York on a Friday and arrive in Singapore Saturday night. The passengers will be transferred directly to one of the new ships and deposited Sunday night on the beaches of Bali.

"The new tourist operator's dream," explains a Holland-America spokesman, "is to load the tourists in a luxury container, strap them to their chairs and unpack them on board of the same-sized cruise ship." All this should be a reality by July 1973. And the container won't even be left behind on the beaches of Bali, the way those things are on the moon.

SINKING ONE

Never interfere with your wife's attempts to deprive your son of his soccer ball if you are standing in the kitchen. You wouldn't believe what can happen.

Barry Leger of Armley, England weighs 154 pounds. His wife Barbara weighs 98. Their son John is four years old. Mrs. Leger took John's soccer ball away from him the other day because he broke a window with it. Mr. Leger describes what happened next:



"Barbara took the ball and locked it in the cellar. As a joke I grabbed her so John could get the ball back. But she just grabbed me round the neck, took me in a fireman's lift over the shoulder and plonked me in the sink, bottom first."

And there Mr. Leger remained, wedged between the faucets. Neither Mrs. Leger nor the neighbors she summoned could get him out. The fire de-

partment had to be called on for help.

The effect of all this on young John's soccer game remains to be seen.

GIMMIE AN EYE! EYE!

During the first round of the Indiana state high school basketball tournament at Anderson, Ind., Don Paddock of Frankton High lost a contact lens. The age-old problem. Everyone got down on hands and knees and searched. The floor was swept with towels, and the sweepings sifted. Nothing. So Kay Alexander came down out of Frankton's cheering section, removed one of her own lenses and passed it to Paddock. He popped it in and played the remaining 3½ quarters with it, leading his team in scoring with 19 points, 9 for 22 from the field.

WORK WITH ME, WILLIE

The most exciting races of the Champions track and field meet March 4 in Los Angeles got under way as the crowd was filing from the Coliseum—and a horde of youngsters from the neighborhood swooped down on the field and made off with a bundle of shoes, sweat clothes, prizes and a $500 camera.

Decathloner Russ Hodge, half-miler Juris Luzins and Mike Larrabee, a former world-class quarter-miler now representing the Adidas shoe company, gave chase. Between the three of them they came up with the camera and Willie Shellmire, 17, who said he just ran because everybody else did. Deciding that Willie was perhaps blameless, Hodge let him off with a lecture. "These athletes work years for what they get," Hodge said. "What right has anybody to steal their stuff? If you want something then go out and work for it."

A few minutes later, as Hodge was leaving the stadium, Willie came rushing up. "Hey," he said. "You said I should work for what I want. Is that right?"

"Right," said Hodge.

"Well, good," said Willie. "That man down there said if I beat you in a 100-yard dash he'd give me a pair of shoes." He pointed to the grinning Larrabee.

"Damn it," Hodge cried. "O.K. O.K., we'll race. But if I pull a muscle I'll kill that Larrabee."

Barefoot and stripped down to a pair of slacks, Hodge lined up and discovered the field had grown to 14. Larrabee had tempted the mob by telling them Hodge did the 100 in 11 seconds.

The race began, and most of the challengers got a three-yard jump as Hodge, fearing injury, started slowly. But then he came on and 10 yards from the tape he had overhauled all but Willie. Hodge narrowed the margin even more: two steps, one, a half. As they hit the tape, Hodge leaned as 15 years of experience taught. And so did Willie.

"Willie by a lash," said a friend of Hodge's.

Willie told Larrabee he wore size 11s. "Only got a 10," said Larrabee, "but you can trade them in for an 11 at any sporting-goods store."

"That's cool," said Willie, who turned out to be a former hurdler at Crenshaw High School.

FM ON ICE

Sports impresario Charlie Finley, who is having a hard time connecting with holdout pitcher Vida Blue, also struck out in hockey when he failed to land a radio broadcasting contract for his California Golden Seals hockey team.

Enter Consciousness III Frequency Modulation. Perhaps in desperation, Finley granted permission for a listener-sponsored FM station in Berkeley, Calif., KPFA-FM, to broadcast a Seals game with the Chicago Black Hawks.

In the past, KPFA-FM had concentrated on oratory by Allen Ginsberg and Black Panthers and live coverage of riots more than it had on sports. But the station took its job seriously and even came up with innovations. Its stereo signal gave an echo-chamber effect to the rendition of the national anthem, and you haven't heard anything until you listen to the sound of an ice sweeper machine coming through two speakers. There also was an interview with a lonely fan stuck in the farthest reaches of the arena. "They told me that since I was a single, I shouldn't have too bad a location," observed the hapless consumer.

"We're hockey freaks," the KPFA-FM program director said. "This broadcast helped bridge the gap between our station and our first-world brothers and sisters who dig hockey."

Now, about this pitching problem, Charlie. . . .

SNOW FUN

The enormous increase in the sale and use of snowmobiles continues to create problems. Hudson Janisch, a law professor at the University of Western Ontario, now says there is a genuine danger that Canadian landowners whose complaints about snowmobile trespassing are not satisfied may take the law into their own hands. "If the police do not respond satisfactorily, if local politicians are too sensitive to organized pressure groups, if the courts are too lenient in their sentences," he argues, "we will witness a dangerous and totally undesirable resort to self-help, be it eye-level piano-wire traps, homemade land mines or the trusty shotgun."

Janisch says some farmers have been economically damaged by snowmobilers who, assuming farm land was fallow during the winter, ruined latent crops by compacting the snow over them, thus destroying the protection and warmth the snow provides. Snowmobile clubs are generally aware of such problems and try to educate their members to them, but the rate of club growth is well behind the growth in the number of snowmobiles being used. "The clubs admit they have lost the control they used to have," Janisch says.

One of the biggest problems is the simple matter of catching violators. Even if police happen to be on hand, they have difficulty catching up to the highly maneuverable machines, and since license plates are small and usually snow-covered they are almost impossible to read at any distance. Interlopers go free and farmers go berserk.

THEY SAID IT

- Al McGuire, Marquette basketball coach, who has taken his team to a post-season tournament the last five years: "Sometimes I wish I would have a losing season just to see if I would be the same kind of person."
- Brooks Robinson, allowing that advancing age might require him to rest occasionally this season with the Orioles: "I might not play them all this year. I am thinking of taking off July 7, Aug. 22 and 23 and one other day after we clinch the division."
- Sully Krouse, University of Maryland wrestling coach, on the effect that UM basketball coach Lefty Driesell has had on campus: "Old Dribblepuss did a job for the university. He got the students off the back of the administration. Instead of marching down Route 1 and burning the Armory or protesting about Vietnam or the ROTC, the students got excited about basketball." END

Rating th

In tests by two of Europe's leading motor magazines, steel-belted

1969: Auto Motor und Sport Magazine

1ST	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
2ND	Michelin XAS	(Steel)
3RD	Phoenix Sen.	(Fabric)
4TH	Metzeler Monza	(Fabric)
5TH	Fulda P 23	(Fabric)

These tests included: handling on curves, steering exactness on a zig-zag slolom course, braking distance and behavior, acceleration and skid resistance on a wet circular track, comfort and wear. In addition, Auto Motor und

1970: Auto Motor und Sport Magazine

1ST	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
2ND	Pirelli CN 36	(Steel)
3RD	Michelin zX	(Steel)
4TH	Kleber V 10	(Fabric)
5TH	Semperit	(Fabric)
6TH	Dunlop SP 68	(Fabric)

Sport included a test for tire noise in '69, winter suit-

Although radial tires are big news in the U.S. today, they have been widely used in Europe—and increasingly preferred—for the past fifteen years.

To a European motorist, the question today is not whether to get a radial, but what kind of a radial to get.

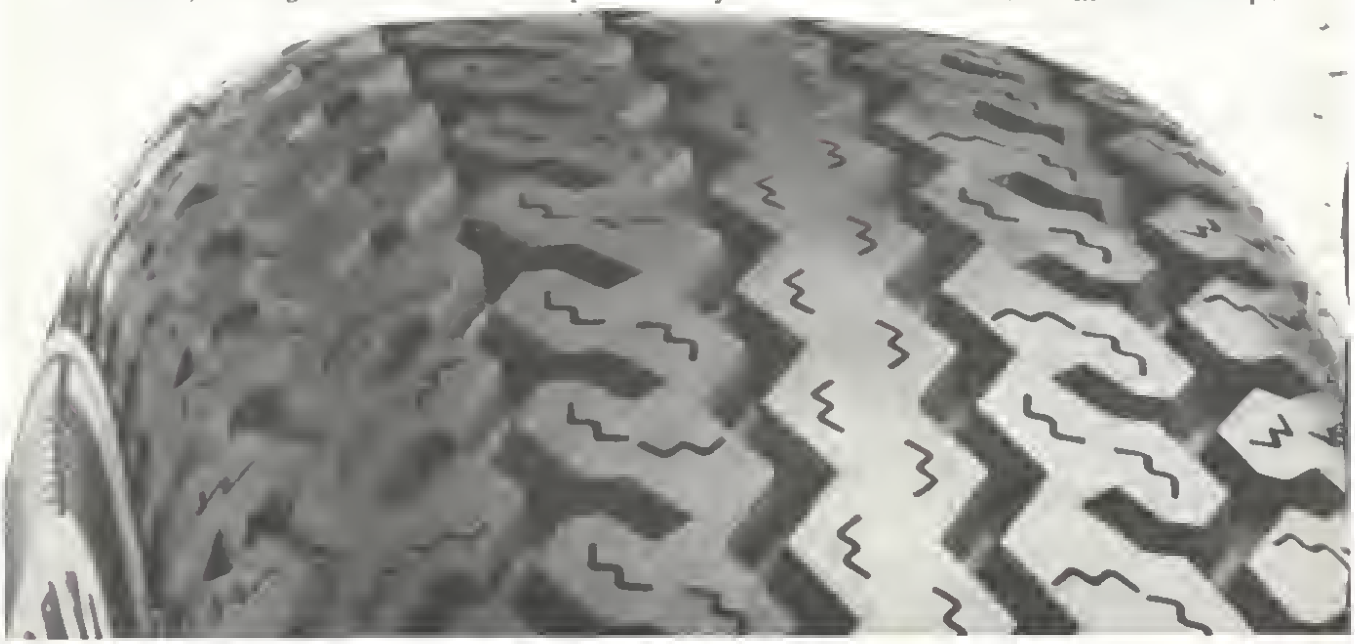
To help answer that question, two of Europe's leading motoring magazines—"Auto Motor und Sport" and "Auto Zeitung"—conducted exhaustive track tests of the most famous European radial tires. (Test criteria are described above.)

The results show that steel-belted radials as a group received higher overall ratings than fabric-belted radials, winning both first and second places in 1969, 1970 and 1971. They did not, of course, win in every test category.

The steel-belted radial tires have a built-in advantage which was not included in these tests—substantially greater protection against cuts and punctures—because the belts under the tread are made of steel wire. (Cuts are the major cause of tire failure, by the way.)

Uniroyal steel-belted radials are now available in the United States.

We are pleased to be able to tell you that the Uniroyal 180 steel-belted radial—which won first place



e radials.

radial tires received higher overall ratings than fabric-belted radials.

1971: Auto Motor und Sport Magazine

1ST	Metzeler Monza	(Steel)
2ND	Conti TS 771	(Steel)
3RD	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
4TH	Phoenix Sen.	(Fabric)
5TH	Fulda P 25 Rib	(Fabric)
6TH	Goodyear G800	(Fabric)

ability in '70 and aquaplaning tendency in '71.

1971: Auto Zeitung Magazine

1ST	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
2ND	Michelin zX	(Steel)
3RD	Pirelli CF 67	(Fabric)
4TH	Conti TS 771	(Steel)
5TH	Kleber V 10	(Fabric)
6TH	Conti TT 714	(Fabric)
6TH	Fulda P 25 Rib	(Fabric)
8TH	Dunlop Sp 57F	(Fabric)
9TH	Phoenix P110Ti	(Fabric)
10TH	Bridgestone	(Fabric)
10TH	Metzeler Monza	(Steel)
12TH	Metzeler Monza	(Fabric)
13TH	Goodyear G800	(Fabric)

overall in three out of four of the above series of tests—is now available in this country in sizes to fit most of the popular European cars.

In addition, Uniroyal is now making a steel-belted radial especially designed for American cars, called the Uniroyal Zeta 40M. This tire is being produced in the United States.

Other companies are beginning to offer you steel-belted radials. But bear in mind that the steel-belted radial is a more difficult tire to make because steel is a more difficult material to work with.

Uniroyal has made more than 20 million steel-belted radials over the past 12 years, and knows how to make them properly.

In fact, there are only two tire companies in the world that have this much experience in making steel-belted radials—Michelin and Uniroyal.

When you go to buy a steel-belted radial, don't let them sell you just a radial tire or a steel-belted tire. It's not the same thing.

Here is how to tell what you're getting. If the dealer tells you it's a "radial tire", you can be pretty sure it's a fabric-belted radial. If he tells you it's a "steel tire," the chances are it's a steel-belted bias construction. (That is, a conventional tire, without the performance advantages of a radial.) If it's a steel-belted radial, you can bet your boots he's going to let you know it!

Would you like to know the name of a dealer in your locality where you can get Uniroyal steel-belted radials? Telephone (800)-243-6000 anytime, free of charge. In Connecticut, call 1-(800)-882-6500.

Would you like to get a complete and unabridged English translation of the reports of all four of the radial tire tests described above? Send 25c to Dept. GP, Uniroyal, Oxford, Connecticut 06749. When you're finished reading this series of test reports, you'll know what to look for in radial tires.

UNIROYAL

© Uniroyal

Sports Illustrated
MARCH 20, 1972

SHOOT-OUT AT THE T BAR M

Everyone there was hoping for a showdown between those two cool kids, Evert and Goolagong, but a pair of old hands still carried the big guns

by WALTER BINGHAM

Here is a trivia question for the mid-1980s: Evonne Goolagong has beaten Chris Evert in the finals of Wimbledon and Forest Hills five times, right? And Chris has also beaten Evonne five times in the finals. Now the question is, when and where did these two champions first meet? Don't know? It was back in March of 1972, March 8, a Wednesday to be exact, at a place called the T Bar M Racquet Club in Dallas. No, no, they didn't play each other. Billie Jean King prevented that by beating Chris in the quarterfinals. But Chris and Evonne were introduced during the tournament. They had lunch and shared a few giggles, all the time sizing each other up like a pair of strange heavyweights. They knew they would be seeing a lot of one another during the next 10 years or so.

Final question: Remember who won that tournament? No, not Evonne. In the semifinals she, too, was beaten by Billie Jean who, though tired, was playing as though her life depended on it. But Billie Jean did not win, either, because waiting for her in the final was Nancy Richey Gunter, cool and rested, and she gunned down Billie Jean 7–6, 6–1. That earned her $11,000, which may not seem like much now, but at the time was the highest purse in women's tennis.

It had been the hope of those who staged the Maureen Connolly Brinker tournament last week that Evonne and Chris, the game's two most exciting players, would take the court together for the first time, and with the help of a logical draw it might have happened. Anyone with common sense would have seeded Evonne first, a tribute to her Wimbledon victory, Billie Jean second and Chris third, thereby creating a possible Goolagong-Evert semifinal. But tennis is not noted for its common sense and after some infighting among various factions, there emerged a draw that somehow stuck the three of them in the same bracket, where they could kill off each other while allowing someone, Nancy Gunter as it developed, a peaceful journey to the finals. Now Evonne is off to South Africa, Chris is back at school in Fort Lauderdale and the world must wait for their first showdown.

It is only natural that people were hoping the two girls would play because there is such similarity between them, or at least in their situations. Both became tennis celebrities last year, Evonne by beating Margaret Court at the age of 19 to become the Wimbledon champion, Chris by moving to the semifinals at Forest Hills at 16 before losing to Billie Jean. Now everyone wants them to play in tournaments, to interview them, photograph them, have them sign autographs or merely gawk at them. In Dallas last week neither girl could stroll through the plush clubhouse without at least a dozen stops for requests of this kind.

Fortunately, both girls have men to protect them from too much attention. In Evonne's case it is Vic Edwards, her coach and adopted father. Edwards, 62, is a tall, burly man with a thin white mustache. He can be cheerful, as he was in Dallas, chatting with club members and sipping a beer while Evonne was on the court practicing, but there is also an iciness about him which he uses to shield Evonne from too many well-wishers. Engage the young lady in conversation and suddenly Edwards is likely to appear, saying, "I think you've had your share."

The two are very close. Whenever Evonne finished a match last week, Edwards would bring her a cool drink and give her a kiss. When someone offered her a refill, she checked with Edwards for permission. Edwards had hoped Evonne would be ready to win Wimbledon by 1974 and while he is pleased it happened sooner, he says he worries whether she will be able to withstand the pressure of being the target for every other player. Fortunately Evonne is a relaxed, cheerful person—"a fun girl," Chris said last week. There are times when Edwards looks as if he is under pressure, but if Evonne feels it, she masks it with a merry smile.

Chris' coach is her father, Jimmy Evert, a leathery little teaching pro who, while slightly bewildered by his daughter's sudden fame, has a firm grip on the situation. He says that since Forest Hills everyone wants to watch Chris practice. There is such a demand for courts at his club in Fort Lauderdale, especially during the tourist season, that people must wait, and while they wait what better way to spend the time than to lean against the wire fence and watch the teen-age whiz? Now when Jimmy Evert wants to criticize his daughter for some mistake, he must wait and do it privately because Chris naturally feels uncomfortable taking criticism with such a gallery watching.

Yet Chris looks as if she too will be able to withstand the pressure simply because she seems determined not to let anything in the world get the better of her, pressure included. She has a good sense of humor—after her match with Billie Jean in Dallas she phoned her mother, told her she had just lost and began to describe how before Jimmy took over the phone. But on the court

continued

Billie Jean King put the prodigies down, but lost to fresh foe Nancy Gunter (lower right).



she is all business, no smiles, never. Her father says that not long ago he had to scold her for something she did, saying that if she was going to do that, fine, but no more tennis tournaments; moments later there was a hint of tears in her eyes, a reminder that this cool young killer has in fact just recently graduated from being a little girl.

For a while last week it seemed as if Chris and Evonne would not meet even socially. Evonne was the first to arrive, flying in from Sydney with Edwards four days before the tournament began, her first trip to the U.S. She submitted to a mass interview, complete with klieg lights and microphones around the neck. Asked if she had ever eaten Mexican food, she said no. The next day six Mexican restaurants called offering free meals. One afternoon she went to Neiman-Marcus where she thought about buying two Stetsons for her brothers and decided against it, but mostly she spent her time practicing at the club with one of the local pros—Edwards always has Evonne work out with men on the theory that there is less horsing around—and staying inside her motel room watching television.

Chris arrived Tuesday evening. She had spent the morning in school, among other things giving a 20-minute presentation on the poet Randall Jarrell, then had practiced with her father before the two of them were driven to Miami by Mrs. Evert for the flight to Dallas. When they landed, Evonne was on the court, very nearly losing to her first-round opponent, Wendy Gilchrist. Chris and her father were driven to their motel, Chris getting room 651 to Evonne's 551. The Everts quickly suited up and were taken to the club for another practice session, but by that time Evonne had pulled out her match and was on her way back to the motel to change into an evening gown and attend a little bash for the players at the home of John Murchison. Jimmy Evert declined, feeling Chris had done enough for one day.

The next morning Steve Lurie, the promotion man on the ladies' tour, took the Everts to breakfast. He asked Edwards to join them, but he and Evonne had already eaten and were about to go to the club. When Chris arrived there, Evonne was on the No. 1 court rallying. T Bar M has four indoor courts, but only three were used for the tournament, the fourth giving way to bleachers that held 1,350. Chris entered the ladies' dressing room to change. Evonne finished her workout but lingered on court. Chris emerged and disappeared toward a court in the opposite direction just as Evonne finally finished and went into the dressing room, the two missing each other by seconds.



Evonne Goolagong reached the U.S., the semifinals and, sadly for her, Billie Jean.

When the grand meeting did occur, it was as formal and solemn as that recent one in China. The two girls shook hands. Edwards and Evert shook hands. Edwards shook hands with Chris. Evert shook hands with Evonne. All of them, plus a few others, were seated at a large round table in the middle of the dining room. Evonne ordered salad. Chris declined to eat because she had a match soon. Evonne admired Chris' tennis sweater. The two girls talked music. Evonne was sorry she had left her cassette player in Australia. Chris wondered if that girl over there by the window was her first-round opponent. Evonne said it was. Neither asked how the other was hitting them.

In the early matches both girls showed that their second serves had improved—harder, deeper, more spin. Evonne had some difficulty adjusting to the artificial surface, but she is a marvelous athlete and it did not take long. Chris' game is more stylized, but her crackling ground strokes had the crowds gasping. She won her first two matches with ease and then, thanks to the absurd draw, there was Billie Jean in the quarterfinals.

Billie Jean had a mission in Dallas—revenge. Since earning her much-publicized $100,000 last year, she has been an unhappy young woman. The pressures of her dual role as a tennis champion and as an informal promoter of the game—she often speaks in the first

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRIOLO

person plural, stating that Wendy or whoever "is one of our better young players"—began to wear on her late last year. She is also bitter about Evonne's ranking as the top player of 1971. "Some guy over there in England watches one tournament a year—Wimbledon—and then ranks the players." After a celebrated 6–1, 6–0 drubbing by Chris in Fort Lauderdale last month, Billie Jean lost in the second round in Oklahoma City and the first round in Washington. Physically and mentally exhausted, she flew to Hawaii with her husband Larry for a week of sun, beach and no tennis, save for one afternoon of social mixed doubles. "Out there I told myself that I had hit rock bottom," she said last week, "and I asked myself if I wanted to do anything about it or not." She decided she did, hopped a plane back to California and arrived in Dallas minutes after Chris and her father had landed.

The King-Evert battle was a classic. Each girl seemingly won it twice. Teddy Tinling, the tennis-dress designer, ranks it on his list of top five matches since the war. Others put it higher. The first set went to 6–6, then four points apiece in sudden death. Billie Jean served, and when Chris hit a sizzling return, Billie Jean volleyed beyond the baseline. Set to Chris.

Buoyed, Chris jumped to a 3–1 lead in the second set and had 15–40 against Billie Jean's serve. Another point would give her two service breaks and almost certain victory. But Billie Jean held on, won the game and then eight of the next nine, taking the second set 6–3 and leading in the third 4–1. And so she had apparently won. Except that Chris reeled off four straight games, during which Billie Jean started hobbling around the court with a cramp in her left leg. At 4–5, she served and barely moved for the return. Point to Evert. The end was near. Whereupon Billie Jean won nine straight points, the cramp disappearing in the process. Three times Chris fought off match point, but the fourth one got her, Billie Jean winning 7–5, thus getting even for Fort Lauderdale.

The next night Billie Jean stuck a pin in her other young rival, Evonne, who had beaten her in straight sets on the way to her Wimbledon triumph. During the first set it looked as if Billie Jean was tired and sore—after the Evert battle she had been forced to play a doubles match that did not end until one in the morning. Evonne won 6–1, looking fresh and young and talented and unbeatable.

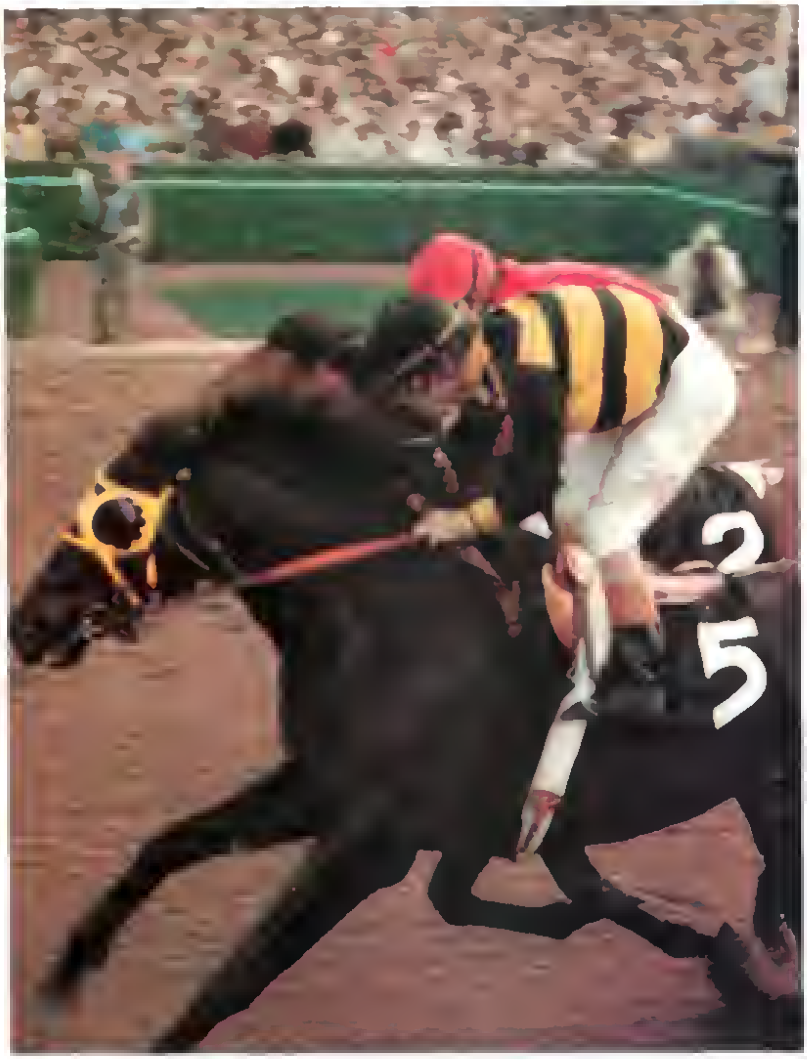
But Billie Jean is a fighter and she knows a number of ways to win. She has the widest range of shots in the game. If one approach fails, she tries another. She won the second set 6–4 when Evonne failed to hit a return of a serve she thought was out, then galloped through the deciding set 6–1, a performance that might give that man in London something to think about.

On Sunday afternoon, having done away with her two young rivals, Billie Jean fell prey to an old one. Who can say what the result would have been if the draw had been more fair, if Nancy Gunter had been forced to face either Chris or Evonne? She is playing well—this was her second win in three weeks—but there was no question that Billie Jean was physically and emotionally drained by her early battles. The crowd enjoyed the match but surely would have preferred the one they never got to see—Evonne against Chris. That one must wait for another day. **END**

Schoolgirl Evert can still look out the classroom window toward many a bright tomorrow.



PUTTING ON A WILD WEST SHOW



While racing flounders elsewhere, intense competition among the older horses at Santa Anita generates the track's most rewarding day in years

by WHITNEY TOWER

Once they were the heavyweights of their sport, and across America on Saturdays people bent around radios, damning the static, to listen to their matches, as interested in the outcome as if it were Louis and Schmeling. But that was decades ago, when champion racehorses like Armed, Assault, Gallorette, Stymie and Citation stayed around long enough to become national heroes. It was considered downright cowardly in those days for a good horse to quit racing before he was five or six. Stymie was still racing at eight.

But for many reasons all that changed. American horses are not as durable now, and their owners worry about keeping head and hoof together just long enough to run them in the 3-year-old classics. Then the colts are hustled to the breeding sheds. So the handicap races, those glamour events of the past for horses four and older, became in recent times very moderate contests. But to everyone's surprise, this season may be different, for a tough, scrappy lot of handicap horses is developing on the West Coast.

Last Saturday Santa Anita drew a crowd of 58,228 to watch them, the largest attendance at the track since that day in 1966 when Johnny Longden rode in his last race. It was a fine racing afternoon, the sort that renews faith in a sport that is in deep trouble elsewhere in this country. More than a quarter of a million dollars was distributed in purses, which pleased horsemen. The crowd set a California betting record of $5,563,575, which pleased the management. And a track-sponsored lottery (with $15,000 distributed to fans for picking winners) pleased the racegoers. On top of all that, there were public workouts by Royal Owl and MacArthur Park, the best Derby prospects in the West, and finally the $170,000 Santa Anita Handicap.

The point of a handicap is to bring horses of varying ability together at the finish by adding or subtracting to the weight they carry on their backs. In the perfect handicap (and though men have tried for centuries, they have yet to produce one), pounds would be assigned so exactly that all the horses in the race would finish in a dead heat. Santa Anita's Handicapper Frank E. (Jimmy) Kilroe says of his theory of weights and measures: "At a mile and a quarter [the distance of the Santa Anita Handicap] I figure, in making adjustments between horses, that a pound and a half or two pounds equals one length. Basically, what I try to do is to guess the relative value of beaten distance. I prefer to put weight on an improving horse rather than on one just trying to retain his form. I think I'm within a pound or two of being right most of the time."

But every great handicap event (and most of the not-so-great ones, too) provokes pained cries from horsemen who shout, "Foul." "Unfair." "What does the handicapper think he's doing, anyway?" Inwardly, owners and trainers are delighted when a handicapper like Kil-

Triple Bend, with 119 pounds, wins by a head from Cougar, who toted seven pounds more.

roe thinks their horse is the best in a race, but they feel impelled to rage at whatever weight they are given.

The Santa Anita Handicap was no different. In the weeks preceding it Kilroe had watched the participants entered in the big race battle it out in a number of smaller events. There had been several charging, flailing finishes. Two of the preps for the handicap were condition stakes, in which all runners were weighted according to the money they had won. In the Strub Stakes, Arthur Seeligson's Unconscious, carrying 121 pounds, had been the winner by half a length over Triple Bend, who toted 118 pounds. Two weeks later, in the San Antonio (another condition stakes), Unconscious carried 123 pounds and beat Triple Bend with 117 pounds by just a nose. Third place in that race went to Cougar under topweight of 128 pounds. So Kilroe got out his slide rule, and for the handicap decided that Unconscious, the improving horse, should carry topweight of 127 pounds. He lightened Cougar's load to 126 and boosted Triple Bend's weight to 119. The four other starters in the field, all outsiders, were scaled from 114 pounds down to 110.

As soon as the weights were posted the shouting began. Irishman John Canty, who trains Unconscious, thought his colt should not have had to pick up four pounds while Cougar dropped two, for the handicap would be run at Cougar's favorite distance. Trainer Vance Longden couldn't understand why his Triple Bend was picking up two pounds after finishing second, but later, he quietly admitted, "He is an improving colt, and he probably deserves the weight." The happiest trainer on the grounds at Santa Anita seemed to be Charlie Whittingham, who handles Cougar for Mary Florsheim Jones. Whittingham has an uncanny way of winning very rich races, and he was obviously optimistic about this one: "It's a six-pound switch in our favor—two off for us and four on for Unconscious. But I feel that Triple Bend may be very tough."

There were owners, too, who had something to say. Texan Seeligson declared, "I don't mind being topweight with Unconscious, but I don't think they should have brought us up as much as four pounds. Still, if Kilroe thinks we're No. 1, I hope he and I are right and that my trainer is wrong."

Frank McMahon, the owner of Triple Bend, is not one to stand mute for long. His much-publicized difference of opinion with Trainer Johnny Longden as to whether his Kentucky Derby and Preakness winner Majestic Prince should or should not run in the 1969 Belmont Stakes is well remembered. McMahon won the argument, but his colt lost the race. In February 1971 (six months after McMahon announced Majestic Prince's full brother Crowned Prince would not be trained by Johnny Longden but was being sent to England to race instead) the McMahon stable was turned over to Johnny's son Vance. Last week Vance made it perfectly clear how things stood with his owner when he said, "I would just as soon Mr. McMahon make all plans and decisions about his 10 horses. I will just train them." Before the handicap Longden gave a further demonstration of his diplomacy by telling a nervous McMahon, "Your horse is getting better all the time. We can't complain too much about the weights, and if we can't win it, it means we just can't beat these horses, that's all."

The seven runners left the gate shortly after five o'clock on Saturday afternoon as the shadows were lengthening, and the whole glorious day very nearly turned into a disaster in those first few seconds. Marjorie Lindheimer Everett's Buzkashi, a 20-to-1 shot breaking from the inside post position, ran four or five strides in a straight line then suddenly bolted to the inside. He crashed through a temporary rail, dumping Jockey Eddie Belmonte in the process, and then hurdled the main track infield rail, where he was temporarily hung up, a thrashing, panicky colt who had done half a somersault and lost his bridle in the process. An alert gate crew rushed to restrain the colt, and had they not gotten him under control, Buzkashi might well have jumped back onto the main track and set off going the wrong way to meet his opposition, a dreadful thought to contemplate.

With Buzkashi, who represented the only real early speed in the race, out of the fray, the running plan for the rest of the starters changed. Jockey Don Pierce, who did not want Triple Bend on the lead at all, found himself there, just outside of Unconscious. They went by the stands that way the first time, and then as Triple Bend was eased back slightly, Angel Cordero put Unconscious out in front. It looked at this point to be a two-horse race. But Willie Shoemaker and Cougar were lying third up the backstretch, and they would be sure to make a big move in the final turn. They did. Turning for home Unconscious was still in front, although it was evident he was tiring after running the first six furlongs in a speedy 1:10. Shoe and Cougar now were flying on the outside. Triple Bend took the lead from Unconscious inside the eighth pole. Pierce knew that his colt, a son of Never Bend, did not like the whip, so the jockey sat tight, not even flicking it. Cougar gained on him steadily, inch by inch, but Pierce rode Triple Bend coolly and to perfection, holding off his rival by a diminishing head. Unconscious faded steadily to finish third, a length and a quarter behind.

For Triple Bend, who covered the mile and a quarter in two minutes flat, just two-fifths of a second off the track record, and for Vance Longden the triumph represented major comebacks. The 42-year-old Vance, whose moments of glory with Four-and-Twenty and Flutterby seem so long ago, was on top once again. And Triple Bend had come through some dark days, too. "I bought this colt from Leslie Combs at the 1969 Keeneland summer yearling sales," explained McMahon. "He cost $100,000. Soon after that he became caught in a fence, and as a result of the accident was partially paralyzed. We talked then of destroying him. Triple Bend only started once at two. But Vance has done a marvelous job with him, and now I think we'll give him a little rest." Vance Longden was looking on and nodding. He said, "Today I cut little slits in the back of Triple Bend's blinkers to keep him from ducking at the sight of a crowd. In some of his previous races he stopped when he got on the lead. But today he did everything right. I might even take the blinkers off next time. He does need a rest, but Mr. McMahon will make the decisions. I just train."

It is fairly certain that a lot more will be heard from McMahon and Triple Bend, if not from Trainer Longden. Cougar and Unconscious certainly are not going to let the winner rest easy on his laurels. Right now this closely matched trio is providing the best sport on U.S. tracks. So get out your transistors and tune in on Saturdays. **END**



Penn's Corky Calhoun carefully drops an unstuffed basket.

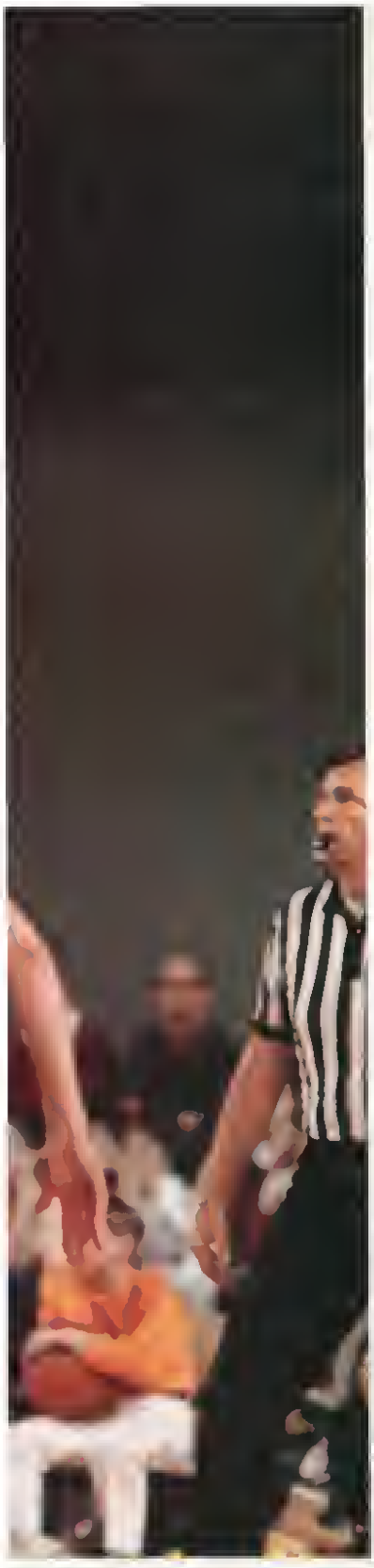


South Carolina's tall Tom Riker ignores an unhelping hand.



Long Beach State's Ed Ratleff high-rises over Brigham Young's Doug Richards.

IT'S THE TIP-OFF FOR UCLA'S BIG



INVITATION



Kentucky's Ronnie Lyons flies after ball; Coach Rupp (below) flies in the face of tradition.

Everyone is seeking the hide of the unbeaten Bruins, but as long as Bill Walton stays around they might be better off hiding. The Californians, to nobody's surprise, are the favorites again

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Unless Bill Walton quits school in the next few minutes to merge with the NBA; unless he falls in love or runs over a dog or his face breaks out or he is hijacked to Uruguay, UCLA should win the national championship again. That would make six consecutive NCAA titles for the Bruins, eight in the last nine years—and then Senator Sam Ervin could begin antitrust hearings on the *real* monopoly in basketball.

Strange and long ago as it may seem, when the ball began bouncing on campus way back there in October, this was to be the New Look season for the college game. Gone were the awesome UCLA frontline pickets responsible for the last two championship teams. Gone, even longer, were the Alcindor times and, however anonymous, the bit players who won their small fame only because they were there when Lew was. Hanging around. Waiting to play. Saying "Wha's happenin'?"

Elsewhere Tom McMillen was to be the new star in the East, and Jim Chones was gathering support in the Midwest. Maryland would be No. 1. No, Marquette would be. Didn't matter. All the chickens were coming home to roost. Somebody was going to get UCLA this time.

Then, of a sudden, from behind what now seems like a marvelously contrived scheme of un-publicity, this quaint-looking, red-haired and freckled fellow came bursting onto the scene. Only a sophomore, Bill Walton ran and jumped and passed and shot and rebounded and blocked shots and wagged his red head

continued



and waved his bony arms and wore cute little ice cups on his knees and was so downright ebullient, opponents couldn't believe he did the whoooole thing.

In the wake of Walton's brilliant skills, other players were forgotten. Not to mention teams. And as the NCAA tournament got under way last weekend a man searching for pretenders to the UCLA dynasty could inquire only who? And answer only boohoo.

The Bruins literally tore up the schedule on the way to their 26-0 record this winter. They are one of the few groups ever to be ranked in the Top Ten in both team offense and defense. UCLA averaged 96.1 points a game (third highest in the land) and gave up 63.8 (seventh lowest). This average spread of a cool 32 points is an NCAA record by a mile, and Coach John Wooden says his team's rebounding edge (almost 19 a game more than the opponents) is the best in his school's history. For all of this, the UCLA season has not been as close as the scores would indicate.

Most of the time Walton, Guards Henry Bibby and Greg Lee, Forwards Keith Wilkes and Larry Farmer have left games early, chuckling at the havoc they have wreaked. Walton's statistics (22 points, 15 rebounds) hardly tell of his value.

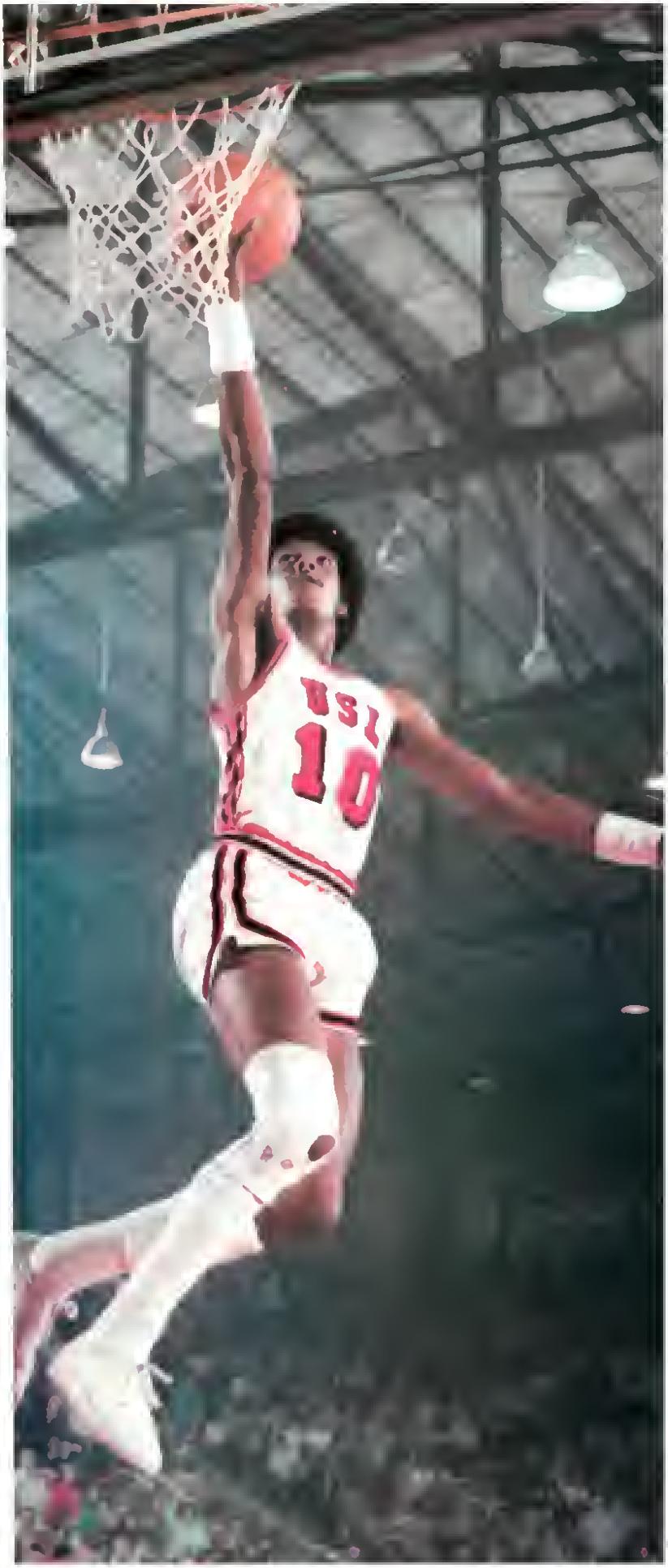
Loyola's quick, acrobatic LaRue Martin was the only center to play Walton even all year—and that was merely on the scoresheet. Martin led Walton in points, 19 to 18, and in rebounds, 18 to 16. UCLA won the game by 28 points.

In Chicago, as all up and down the West Coast, UCLA hurt people in different ways. Lee, directing the flow and feeding from backcourt. Bibby, firing from afar and quick-handed on the press. Farmer and Wilkes, hauling in the garbage and releasing for fast breaks. Swen Nater, Larry Hollyfield and Tommy Curtis coming off the bench, as if they were needed for something.

Still, it was Walton who made everything go. "His presence is worth 40 points," says the Lakers' Keith Erickson. "You play him with a box and one," says Washington State's Bob Greenwood. "Four guys on Walton and one on the rest."

"The NCAA tournament?" says Loyola's George Ireland, looking ahead. "You mean the UCLA Invitation."

For the others who still believe in truth, justice and the tooth fairy, there remains a tournament to be played and



to be won. Out of the original 25 entrants, 16 survivors of conference races and qualifying rounds battle each other this week in regional tournaments at Morgantown, W. Va.; Dayton, Ohio; Ames, Iowa; and Provo, Utah. The four winners meet the following weekend at the Los Angeles Sports Arena. And if this seems like a rather agonizing process just for a closer look at what makes the Walton Gang tick (and then tock—and then explode), maybe it's all worth it. There may not be another team like it until—well, UCLA next year.

Sadly, there are only a handful of teams capable of staying on the court with the Bruins and perhaps none capable of extending them. For guesses, let it be said that there are four: Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Southwestern Louisiana and Long Beach State.

Penn, under a new coach and a new system, would like to come up with something new in the East Regional. Like a couple of victories. In the past two years the Quakers stormed out of the Ivy League with near-perfect records only to be embarrassed, first by Calvin Murphy, then by the crushing 90–47 defeat from Villanova last March. This season Coach Chuck Daly moved 6′ 7″ Corky Calhoun to backcourt, taught 6′ 5″ Al Cotler some nuances of ball handling and molded a deliberate power team.

The Pennsylvanians are strong on the boards, often go to tall perimeter shooters Bob Morse and Phil Hankinson and have quietly become one of the best defensive teams around. Supposedly fragile against a press, the Quakers avenged their only Ivy defeat (at Princeton) by having Center Craig Littlepage bring the ball upcourt in the return meeting.

In the first NCAA round last Saturday against an excellent but tired Providence team, Penn had trouble moving against a press and a zone in the first half. Then the Quakers began running and, with Calhoun and Hankinson scoring well in addition to shutting off the Friars' Ernie DiGregorio and Marvin Barnes, breezed 76–60.

The team could lose right away to Villanova, but if the Quakers have anything left down in the gut, they will not. Doubtless, some of their anger from the defeat last year was spent in a 74–64 January victory over the Wildcats when Calhoun—a defensive terror—abandoned his reluctance to shoot, took Chris Ford inside and burned him for 20 points.

Southwestern Louisiana's Dwight Lamar could become a traveling man by tournament's end.

Ford, Tom Inglesby and the typesetters' favorite, Hank Siemiontkowski, have come on strong for Villanova late in the season. They are the best outside shooters in the regional and Jack Kraft will be babbling his aphoristic "Krafties" at fever pitch. But another upset is unlikely—and this time the Wildcats may keep the runner-up receipts.

That same night in Morgantown there will be blood on the Carolina moon, but which Carolina? Both the Tar Heels of the North and the Gamecocks of the South have been itching to have at the other since SC's last-second win over NC in the ACC tournament a year ago. Now—because Kevin Joyce of South Carolina threw in a 22-footer to beat Temple and North Carolina defeated Maryland in the ACC tournament—they will get their chance.

If a 7-footer can be called the sleeper of the year, South Carolina's Danny Traylor is it. With powerful, offensive-minded Tom Riker at his side, Traylor makes the Gamecock forecourt look like a tag-team wrestling poster. Fouls have plagued them all year, but when McGuire's big men get in trouble, Joyce and sophomore Brian Winters are there.

A Penn-North Carolina matchup could turn on the ability of the Tar Heel guards, George Karl and Steve Previs, to press Cotler and the Quakers with their bewildering array of defenses. Penn is not as physical as South Carolina and not as quick as North Carolina, whose Robert McAdoo, Dennis Wuycik and Bobby Jones could give the Quakers fits inside—if they stay out of foul trouble. It would not be too much of a surprise to see Calhoun guard McAdoo, in which case the Tar Heels' Bill Chamberlain would have to take over some of the scoring. Chamberlain was awful offensively in the ACC tournament; if he doesn't recover quickly, Penn could advance to Los Angeles. So could South Carolina. But history is with its northern neighbor; the last eight times the regular-season ACC winner won a regional berth it also won the regional.

Whoever gets out of the East should reach the final game because the Mideast is a collection of, to be kind, handbags and gladrags.

First, there is—or was or is again—Marquette, whose season can be divided into BC and AD—Before Chones and After Dough. Before Center Jim Chones deserted his team to sign with the New York Nets five games from the end of the season the Warriors were 21-0. Without him they were 3-2. As the team entered the tournament last week with everyone waiting to pay off some debts, Coach Al McGuire and a street-clothesed Chones found themselves in a situation reminiscent of the Lone Ranger and Tonto when they were rushed by all the Indians. Said Ranger, "We're in trouble, Tonto." Said Tonto, "What you mean, *we*, Kemo Sabe?"

Unfortunately, nobody knew the trouble Kemo Sabe was about to see. And it came not from Indians but from John Law, in the guise of the wonderful, nonsensical old NCAA.

At Knoxville, Tenn., Marquette and Florida State both won despite another of the NCAA's ludicrous little grandstand plays. Embarrassed by last year's pro-am at Houston, a three-man NCAA committee interviewed players about alleged contracts with agents—five hours before game time. Three FSU players, wearing their warmups, signed affidavits saying they had not retained agents, but Marquette's Bob (Black Swan) Lackey refused to sign until he and his school could receive legal counsel.

"I'm just a bartender and a coach, but it's not American to sign something like this," said McGuire. One Milwaukee source said Lackey did have an agent but that 100 other players did, too. And the source, of course, is at least half-right. If the NCAA disqualified everyone with an agent, they might as well call off their little tournament right now and award the trophies to the Arkansas Home for the Deaf and Dumb. (And the NCAA knows how important affidavits are, having consulted the legal firm of Porter and McDaniels about that.)

But the next day John Law NCAA ruled Marquette ineligible for the tournament because Lackey wouldn't sign. In other words, a Swan is guilty until proven innocent. Marquette protested, but the Warriors' berth was offered to Ohio University. Then the Swan (nobody's lackey) signed, meaning at that point somebody had won or lost his way into a spot opposite Kentucky.

It wouldn't be a proper NCAA tournament without Adolph Rupp; he is to be congratulated for practically *willing*

continued

the Wildcats to the Mideast in Dayton. They sure didn't get there by themselves.

"This is the worst team I've ever had," growled the Baron before he beat Tennessee last week. "When I make a substitution I have to use skim milk."

Many in the commonwealth are trying to force Rupp into abiding by the mandatory university retirement age of 70 and quitting after this year, but Rupp will have none of it. He has done a remarkable job with this year's bunch and he is well aware of it. "I'm not too old," he says. "Not after what I did with this material."

Kentucky does have fine shooters in Forward Tom Parker and the Howdy Doody look-alike contestants in backcourt, Stan Key and Ronnie Lyons. Also, the Wildcats would be welcome in LA where their dynamic cheerleading duo, the beautiful, blond Barnstable twins, could wow the MGM lot. But the team is slow, plays no defense and hardly penetrates at all. To win, the Wildcats need two amazing games from Center Jim Andrews who, though capable, plays only when the mood strikes. If Andrews had his coach's heart, Kentucky would be a lot better.

In the other bracket at Dayton, Florida State will meet—boo, hiss, woof-woof, let's hear it—Minnesota, the closest thing to Stanley Kubrick's movie "droogs" that you will ever see. According to pro draft lists, the contest between the Seminoles and the Gophers will include so many "hardship cases" the game should immediately be put on welfare.

Coach Hugh Durham's laddies from Tallahassee came off NCAA probation this year to compile a fine 22-5 regular-season record. During a 21-day road trip they won three tournaments, and Durham, a likable, volatile sort, was kicked out of a game in Hawaii. Aloha, Hugh.

The Seminoles have Ron King and Reggie Royals to shoot, Royals and Lawrence McCray to go get it and a lot of balance. But Rowland Garrett, the man who holds them together and an artist of talent, has better hands with a brush than with a pass.

Durham claims his team is "usually the villain," but against Minnesota he is playing with the alltime heavy. The Gophers finally won the Big Ten over the long haul of a chaotic winter in which the name "Musselman" stayed right up there in the headlines with Mao and Clifford Irving.

Thirty-one-year-old Bill Musselman turned the Gopher program completely around in one season and, were it not for those 95 seconds of horror in Minneapolis on January 25, he would be the likely Coach of the Year. After their brawl with Ohio State, the Gophers regrouped; Dave Winfield, a star baseball pitcher, contributed steadiness, and they overtook Michigan and the Buckeyes to win the championship.

If the two suspended Gophers, Ron Behagen and Corky Taylor, were with the team, Minnesota would be the favorite in the regional, even against Marquette. But now they are just a five-man unit with no bench.

As it is, Minnesota should get past Florida State on defense alone (theirs leads the country) and then face Kentucky or reinstated Marquette.

The Warriors have already beaten Minnesota by 15 points, but Chones inside frightened the Gophers then (if you can believe that), and he dominated the game. This second clash between two savage, pressing teams would not be fit for women or children. If it is Kentucky-Minnesota, watch for the Howdy Doodys to throw up.

In Ames the Midwest Regional finds itself with 'Cats, Cardinals, Cajuns and Cripples. But the most surprised squad of all are Cougars; they didn't get there. For years Houston's Guy Lewis has been crowing about the superiority of his team over the weak Southwest Conference, but last weekend his towering Cougars were embarrassed 85–74 by—yew bet—Texas. This is a Texas practically in wheelchairs, a Texas with star Larry Robinson limping on a broken foot, Lynn Howden playing with a broken thumb and Scooter Lenox hurting with a pulled groin. The Longhorns were 3-3 in conference play when sophomore Harry Larrabee earned a starting job. They have won nine of their last 10, and it was Robinson and Larrabee who got them into the regional for the first time since 1963.

Kansas State, the Steers' opponent on Thursday night, has been a long time adapting to Coach Jack Hartman's personality and style of play and it was another sophomore guard who got the Wildcats going—Little Lon Kruger who scored 127 points while K-State won its last nine games. The team probably is too slow and unsound to go all the way in the regional, whose winner should be decided when Louisville plays Southwestern Louisiana.

The Cards of Coach Denny Crum—that chip off the old Wooden block—have been highly rated all year but it took them a playoff victory over Memphis State to get into the NCAAs, and late in the year they have been erratic, sometimes plain bad. Jim Price is a versatile player with a flair for defense while Ron Thomas is an ox of a rebounder. Still, Louisville is not a good outside-shooting team, the Cards have no true center and they should come to the end of the road against a Southwestern Louisiana 1-3-1 zone that is bigger and tougher than the Memphis one.

Southwestern is led by the marvelous Dwight (Bo Pete) Lamar, the nation's leading scorer. In order to get to the finals the Ragin' Cajuns would be required to go from the bayous of Lafayette to the sagebrush of Las Cruces to the cornfields of Ames and onto the freeways of Los Angeles, but they are capable of that and more; with luck they could win the whole balloon.

The 112–101 first-round victory by Lamar and company over Marshall was an interesting hurdle in many ways. Few teams that night would have beaten the Thundering Herd, a quicker, faster group than USL will face the rest of the way. The victory brought heaps of confidence, showed the Cajuns they belonged in the big time and demonstrated they can win even when Lamar is having an off night.

The handsome Bo Pete averaged 37 points a game this year and he is an exciting one-on-one operator and streak shooter who throws them in from all outdoors. More important, he has learned to police himself (11 assists against Marshall) and if he gets hot he could dominate this regional all by himself.

At times, however, Lamar is cold and not exactly an unselfish player. He is not, either, the best player on his team. Roy Ebron, a 6′ 9″, 228-pound little-known rookie, is. Were it not for UCLA's Walton, in fact, Ebron—who averages 23 points and 14 rebounds—would be the best big man in college. Coach Beryl Shipley has 6′ 7″ Fred Saunders to handle the ball, 6′ 8″, 230-pound Wilbert Loftin to help Ebron on the boards and a fine bench.

A classic battle between Walton and

continued

If it costs 46% more to repair a car today than in 1961, what about a telephone truck?

With 100 million phones to care for, our fleet now numbers 110,000 trucks.

And with auto repair costs rising 46% since 1961, you can imagine what that's done to our budget.

We've been doing some of our own repair work, but our costs went up just as much—from $230 to $340 per truck.

Our total running expenses from $612 to $823 a truck.

And to get the money to buy new trucks, we're having to borrow at interest rates that have almost doubled since 1961.

Despite rising costs like these, residential telephone rates have gone up only 8% overall since 1961. And long distance rates have actually gone down. While the cost of living has gone up 37%.

1971
Consumer
Price Index
Up 37%

1961

1971
Phone Rates
Up 8%
(C.P.I.)

Obviously, this can't go on.

Because the cost of providing you good telephone service is going up, telephone rates are going up, too—but based on the last ten years, far less than most things you buy.

AT&T and your local Bell Company.





The survival knits... keep-cool Curlees!

Survive the hot season in splendid style—in the cool comfort of a Curlee knit. Wearing a Curlee knit is like getting a breath-of-fresh-air everytime you move because these knits give with you and go back in place without a wrinkle. So how about letting these rousing cool Curlees into your wardrobe? Suits about $110, Sport Coats about $75, Beau Legs Slacks about $27. Slightly higher in West. For name of nearest dealer, write Curlee Clothing Company, 1001 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 63101.

VERY CURRENT VERY Curlee



Ebron assumes UCLA reaches the finals. The Bruins begin defense of their championship at Provo playing Weber State, which bombed Hawaii in the first round, and then probably Long Beach State.

Long Beach, which nearly dethroned the Bruins in the West last March, almost didn't make it back. Brigham Young and the wondrous Kresimir Cosic had the 49ers buried in the first half but then staggered and lost 95–90 in overtime. When Coach Jerry Tarkanian caught his breath he was forced by a reporter to look past San Francisco, his next regional opponent, to the Bruins. "Walton dominates. Walton dominates so much it is sad," said Tarkanian, who is always sad anyway.

His current five probably is not as well prepared to upset as last year's was. Though Ed Ratleff is the most complete college player in the country and the one man able to control a game against the Bruins, most of his ability stems from the backcourt and UCLA's devastating pressure defense would make Ratleff work hard in bringing the ball upcourt, giving him little time to concentrate on points.

"The key, though," says one scout, "is what Long Beach does against Bibby on the wing. If Bibby is missing, Long Beach is in the game."

Last year certain teams could control the tempo on UCLA and go inside for high-percentage shots. This time the need is for guards who can beat the UCLA press and a big tall pivotman to either muscle Walton inside or score from the outside and force him to leave the basket area. There is always the possibility that the Long Beach center, Nate Stephens, will run away and hide against Walton; perhaps McAdoo of North Carolina and Ebron of Southwestern Louisiana have better chances.

But is there a chance, really? John Wooden was asked how *he* would play against UCLA. "It would depend on personnel," he said. "With my '64 team I'd press all over, float and sag and help out on Walton. With Jabbar I'd play Walton face up, challenge him and try to keep him from the ball. Those are the only teams I could possibly play him with."

That's nice. All that college basketball needs to beat Bill Walton is a couple of more Bruin teams to come back and combine forces. Maybe this is the UCLA Invitation after all. **END**



When the moment is worth remembering enjoy a cigar that's hard to forget.
A long, slender, mild-tasting A&C Grenadier.
You're ahead in flavor with A&C's unique blend of choice imported and domestic tobaccos.
Available with light or dark wrapper.
Get behind an A&C Grenadier.
Or try a Panetela a Saber or any one of A&C's other sizes and shapes.

You're ahead behind an A&C Grenadier.

Real flavor, quality tobaccos and a great shape keep Grenadiers up front.

Antonio y Cleopatra. Look ahead. Buy the box.

DOWN, DOWN AND AWAY!

It isn't a bird and it isn't a plane. It's (gasp!) Sponge Diver!

by SANDY TREADWELL

I don't consider myself crazy, but I suppose that is debatable.
— JUMPING JOE GERLACH

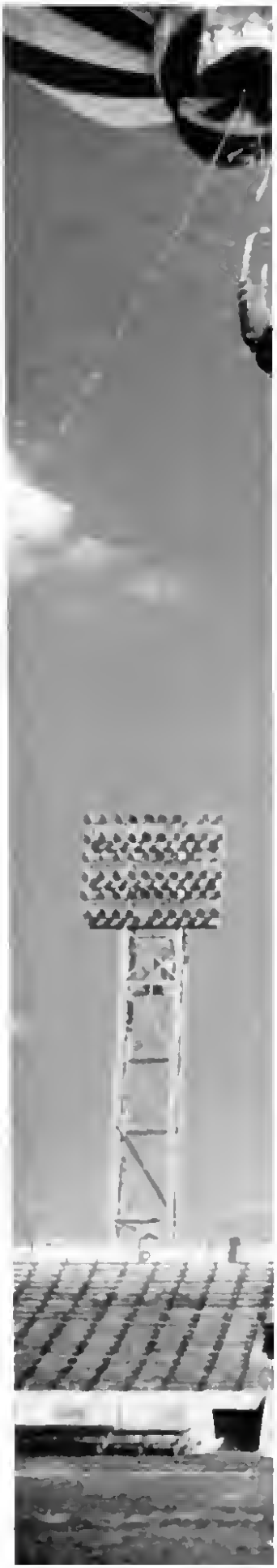
Outside his motel room the rain threatened to become sleet and the wind was strong enough to rattle the window. Fog had filled the valleys of the Catskills, making the drive to Monticello Raceway for the opening of the winter season all but impossible. The most avid racegoer would be foolish to attempt it; it was certainly not a night for a man to risk his life, even if he had a $3,500 guarantee. Although Jumping Joe Gerlach makes a living leaping from the tops of billboards, neon signs and department stores, from the eighth floors of apartment buildings and, most recently, from the gondolas of balloons 80 feet above the ground, he will perform only if the weather is reasonable. "I do not have a death wish," he says.

The afternoon had passed slowly for Gerlach, who spent part of it visiting Grossinger's hotel where, nearly a decade before, he had twice won what was billed as the World Professional Diving Championship. Because of the season—a week before the Christmas rush—the hotel was empty except for two elderly couples seated by the indoor swimming pool. So Gerlach, depressed and beginning to feel a touch of flu, returned to his motel. When the phone rang, he was half asleep, half watching a *Gomer Pyle* rerun. The call was from his balloonist, who announced that his truck had skidded into a guardrail somewhere in Connecticut. The balloon was undamaged, but it would be hours before he could resume the trip to Monticello. "I should have known that this week would be a disaster when I was ticketed for jaywalking," said Gerlach. "But I am an optimist. If I wasn't, I would have been killed long ago. Tomorrow the weather will clear and I'll do my act."

Jumping Joe calls his balloon act the Daredevil Sponge Plunge ("We added the 'daredevil' so people wouldn't think it was a janitorial service"), and he dramatically unveiled it last September during the halftime of a Lion-Eagle exhibition football game. After a band had concluded its show the 50,000 spectators at Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia and a Sunday night national television audience estimated at 30 million saw a giant red, white and blue balloon ascend 80 feet above the 50-yard line. A slight man dressed in a white leather jump suit stood precariously on a wooden plank attached to the gondola and directed the placement of a foam rubber mattress—his landing pad. After several minutes of tension-building waving, the man appeared satisfied that the sponge was properly aligned and, at last, he raised his arms and stood on his toes. Helmetless, he left the plank in a swan dive and fell toward the field, landing on his back directly on target. He lay motionless for a moment, "checking myself out, making sure I'm alive."

Among those watching on television were Joe's wife Cheryl and their 5-year-old son Bradley, who asked, "Is Daddy dead?" Then Bradley saw his father bounce off the sponge, waving at the crowd. Even the football players, returning from the locker rooms, applauded. Less impressed by the performance was Cheryl, who greeted her husband when he returned home the next day by saying, "You must be out of your mind."

To appreciate the difficulty and danger of the act it is necessary to realize that the sponge measures 6 by 12 by 3½ feet and from 80 feet up appears to be



PLUNGING 80 feet to his "sponge," Joe Gerlach attains a maximum speed of 49 mph.



the size of a cigarette pack. The balloon sways in the air even when anchored by guy lines. "I must concentrate upon the alignment of the balloon with the sponge," Gerlach says. "Because I'm so high off the ground the slightest movement of the balloon is telescoped into feet. Only when I'm certain that the balloon and the sponge are correctly placed will I jump. It is an instinctive feeling that comes from experience and total concentration. So far I have been sure on each of my dives, but the day may come when the feeling isn't there. Then, because I'm not a fool, I will ignore the television cameras and the crowd and I'll chicken out."

Once Gerlach has left the gondola, there is the added hazard of velocity. He weighs 160 pounds and, at the end of the dive, he is traveling at 49 mph. "The dive lasts 2¼ seconds," he says. "After the first second I know whether or not I'll hit the sponge. Then I concentrate on the dive itself, making sure I land properly. Maybe the time will come when I will enjoy the sensation of the flight, when I have performed the act so many times it doesn't worry me anymore. But now the act is new [he has jumped from a balloon just 12 times], and I'd be lying if I said I wasn't scared."



Several Philadelphia Eagle officials who observed Gerlach before his halftime leap are convinced he shored up his courage with, at the very least, a large quantity of liquor. "He acted like a wild man on the sidelines," said one. "I'm sure he was hopped up on something." But Gerlach's strange behavior before his dive was the result of watching his balloonist, Bob (The Flying) Waligunda. Preoccupied by the wind currents in the stadium, Waligunda spent the first half of the game observing the movement of cigarette smoke and flags and tossing handfuls of paper into the air. Says Gerlach, "He usually throws grass, but the field was made of artificial turf. The more he worried about the wind, the more nervous I became. Then the band stayed on the field so long I wasn't sure there would be time for the act. I suppose I began to fidget."

But the Sponge Plunge went off perfectly, and during the following weeks everywhere he went Gerlach met people who had seen the telecast. "They couldn't tell me who won the game, but everyone remembered the nut who dived from the balloon. Each person said it was the best halftime show he had ever seen."

If ever a show needs rescripting, it is a football halftime. "How often can we be expected to listen to the theme music from *Patton*?" says Gerlach. "I think my act can, for the first time, keep spectators in their seats during halftimes. The balloon is a spectacle all by itself and my dive couldn't be more exciting. If I blow it, I die."

Gerlach envisions performing at sporting events across the country, and he doesn't intend to restrict himself to football. He hopes to move the Sponge

continued

Plunge indoors so he can perform during the intermissions of basketball and hockey games, a cluster of small balloons bearing him to the ceiling.

But Jumping Joe doesn't want to stop there. Collegiate athletic departments and professional teams have modest entertainment budgets, and because of the expense of renting a balloon and a crew to fly it, Gerlach's act costs $1,500 to put on. He is therefore looking for a sponsor, a company that would put its name on the balloon and make it as much a fixture of the sport scene as the Goodyear blimp. Television commercials would be part of the deal. Indeed, Timex considered employing Gerlach to demonstrate the sturdiness of its watches, and he imagined a series of spots featuring leaps from national landmarks.

"Picture this one," he says. "We see a long shot of Mount Rushmore. The camera moves closer until Abe Lincoln fills the screen and there I am, balanced on his nose, arms spread-eagled, a Timex on my wrist. I swan-dive out past his beard and land on the sponge. The camera zooms in. I hold my watch up to an ear and smile. Look! The second hand is still moving!" Gerlach is asked about the Grand Canyon as another likely location. "I think I'll leave that to Evel Knievel," he says.

Because the Sponge Plunge has put Jumping Joe in the same bag as Evel it is inevitable that the two showmen should be compared. Gerlach first met Knievel shortly after the latter's motorcycle jump over the fountains of Caesars Palace, and he has watched Knievel's bank account and stature grow to heroic dimensions. "I have been greatly encouraged by Evel's success," he says. But Gerlach claims his act is more dangerous and therefore more exciting. "Evel rides his motorcycle along a horizontal plane," he explains. "When he lands on a ramp he continues to ride, and he has a chance to right himself. But my act is punctuated by my contact with the ground. My vertical plane ends immediately. Evel has broken a lot of bones, but he has survived his mistakes. There is no chance for me if I miss the sponge. Either I've landed correctly on it or I'm dead."

There is something about ballooning, perhaps the eerie silence of the ride, that has attracted some distinctly odd chaps. One was the 18th century anatomist Dr. John Sheldon, whose collection of specimens included the embalmed corpse of his wife. In 1784 a fellow named Lunardi took a pair of oars up with him and proceeded to "row" through space. A British naval officer, a Lieutenant Gale, made a fatal balloon ride seated on a pony. There were reports that he was intoxicated. But Jumping Joe is the only man who ever voluntarily flung himself from a balloon without being intent on suicide. And if his act has the appearance of insanity, it is only because it is unique. "If I were a guy who one day decided on impulse to jump out of a balloon from the equivalent height of an eight-story building, I would be very crazy," he says. "But I know what I'm doing. I'm an athlete. A diver. When I jump from a balloon, I use the experience of most of my life."

Joe Gerlach was born in Budapest in 1938, the son of a restaurant manager. At the age of 10 he spent much of his free time at the city's huge water sports center on Margaret Island, which included Hungary's only diving facility. One afternoon an instructor told Gerlach he could get into the center for free if he became a diver. Under the coaching of Balint Papp, now a manufacturer of screen enclosures for patios in Orlando, Fla., Gerlach became the best diver in Hungary's history.

There were two avenues of success in postwar Hungary, the party and athletics. Gerlach realized that the quality of his life would be directly related to his ability to dive, so every afternoon after school and all day during the summers he worked at the sport. When he was 14 he represented Hungary in international meets and two years later became the fifth-ranked European diver. He remembers being thrilled when the party awarded him a bathrobe, and upon being designated as a sports *Master* he was allowed to hang his clothes in a private locker room.

In 1956 the provisional government decided to send a team to the Melbourne Olympics, where Gerlach placed fourth in platform diving. Afterward the Russian judge apologized to Papp, explaining that because of political pressure he downgraded Gerlach's dives, costing him a medal.

Following the Olympics Gerlach was one of 34 Hungarian athletes and coaches to defect to the U.S., and in 1957, despite the fact that his English was limited to such confused phrases as "I have a hamburger with opinion rings, please," he accepted a scholarship to Michigan. Gerlach was placed in the school's English Language Institute, where he made little progress. It seems the course was designed for Spanish-speaking students. Television proved a better teacher, and he spent hundreds of hours during his freshman year engrossed in *The Lone Ranger* and *Maverick*. "I learned absolutely nothing in college," Gerlach breezily admits, "but I enjoyed myself."

Gerlach was twice an All-America at Michigan and in 1959 and 1960 won the national AAU indoor three-meter diving championship. As the Rome Olympics approached, he hoped he would be able to compete for the U.S. However, only a citizen can take part and it takes a minimum of five years to be naturalized. Gerlach therefore turned pro.

During an extended sojourn in California, where he coached a Los Angeles swimming club, Gerlach befriended Jack Roth, a manufacturer of foam rubber mattresses who hoped to convince high schools that his product was ideal for pole vault pits. He believed his sponge, consisting of layered polyurethane, was more resilient and manageable than sawdust. Gerlach accompanied Roth to athletic equipment conventions and demonstrated the product. At first he dived into the sponge from a height of eight feet, but he soon began to experiment. He went higher with each successive demonstration and one day stood, dressed in his street clothes, on the roof of a three-story CBS studio in Hollywood. As Gerlach looked down at the sponge, cars began to pull over and a crowd gathered to witness his imminent suicide. Gerlach landed on the sponge and bounced unseathed onto the pavement. The crowd, thoroughly confused and perhaps a bit disappointed, dispersed. Thanks largely to Gerlach's dramatic exhibitions, the sponge began to sell, and before long sawdust pits became obsolete.

Gerlach soon tired of coaching and began a career as a stunt diver and clown in aquatic productions. The most elaborate was Wonderworld, a show presented at the World's Fair in New York, which cost $100,000 a week to produce and featured 250 performers. Unfortunately, there were seldom that many people in the audience, and the show, along with the fair itself, closed.

continued

FOR $1,992* YOU CAN DRIVE THE CAR FERRARI DRIVES.



Mind you, we're not talking about the car Ferrari builds.

We're talking about the car Ferrari drives.

For his own personal use, he drives a Fiat 128. And all it costs is $1,992.*

It's not that he feels the Fiat is any better than a Ferrari.

He just feels the car we make is a more sensible car to drive around town in than the car he makes.

However, his reasons for choosing the 128 instead of one of the other fifty small cars sold in Europe are worth mentioning.

First of all, it has front wheel drive. Which gives you better traction than rear wheel drive on things like ice and snow. And better handling because the same wheels that are moving the car are also steering the car.

It has rack and pinion steering. Which, if you've been ogling Ferraris, you know is what they put on Ferraris.

It has self-adjusting disc brakes in front and independent coil suspension.

It also gets better gas mileage than a Volkswagen. (Not that that was one of Ferrari's main concerns.)

And on the inside, where small cars are really small, the 128 is huge.

Even though it's shorter on the outside than a Volkswagen, on the inside it's bigger than an Oldsmobile Cutlass.

(This is due partly to the fact that we've mounted the engine sideways and partly to the fact that we've figured out how to make better use of space than other small car manufacturers.)

It comes with radial tires as standard equipment.

Lastly, the 128 has something sensible in the trunk you won't find in other small cars. Room. 13 cubic feet of room — unhampered by the spare tire, which we've mounted up front with the engine.

And if you need any further proof of its extraordinary qualities, the Fiat 128 has won more "Car of the Year" awards in Europe than any other car in history. And recently, in America, it was elected "Economy Car of the Year" by Motor Trend Magazine.

Now, if you've been trying to choose between the dozen or so small cars sold here in the States, you might keep all this in mind.

You might also stop in at your local Fiat Dealer's showroom, take out a 128, and see how it feels to drive around like Ferrari.

FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, POE Transportation, state and local taxes, optional equipment, dealer preparation charges if any, additional Overseas delivery arranged through your dealer.

"I learned everything I needed to know to sell more."



PAUL W. CARROLL, SALESMAN
MURPHY, TAYLOR & ELLIS, INC
MACON, GEORGIA

"I needed to *know more* about selling because I wanted to *sell more*. That's why I took the Dale Carnegie Sales Course," reports Paul Carroll.

"The most important things I learned were how to organize my time and make better use of it, and how to tell when people are ready to buy. When you put those things together and make them work for you, you begin to make more sales. I know, because my income went up 25 per cent the same year I took the Sales Course.

"Everything covered in it is practical and useful. Taking it is time and money well spent for any salesman."

The Dale Carnegie Sales Course is personalized training for actual selling situations. You learn both sides of motivational selling—yours and the customer's. To find out more about the only nationally available sales training of its kind, send for a free copy of our quick-reading booklet about selling and salesmen.

DALE CARNEGIE SALES COURSE

Suite 332S, 1475 Franklin Ave., Garden City, N.Y. 11530

KEY CHAIN in brilliant red, white and black cloisonné enamel and 14-K gold finish (1¼" disc). To order simply send Snoopy's picture with your name, address and check or money order for $3.25 each (postpaid) to



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
BOX 46, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY 08607

Gerlach next worked county fairs and amusement parks and, on the road, was surrounded by a variety of aquatic show biz types. One was Henry LaMothe, whose act consisted of a dive from a height of 35 feet into a plastic wading pool that held 18 inches of water. LaMothe landed on his stomach, which he would expand to shock-absorbing dimensions. Even more spectacular was his dive onto his wife, a schoolteacher. LaMothe made good money, and Gerlach realized the importance of a gimmick.

In 1965 Gerlach introduced his new act during a water show in Minneapolis. Wearing the traditional clown costume, baggy striped suit and floppy hat, he watched the other divers leap into the water. "What's the matter with you?" asked the announcer. "I can't swim," Gerlach replied. "Why don't you jump onto the stage?" the announcer said, whereupon Gerlach did—from a 33-foot ladder onto one of Roth's sponges, which was concealed from view. The same year, in British Columbia, he modernized the act. This time the divers wore Superman outfits and Gerlach was the last up the ladder. He yelled, "Up, up and away!" and dived away from the pool. In the ensuing months he further refined the act. As he says, his dives were "getting too high to be funny. Also, Superman never had a Hungarian accent."

The day before his scheduled wedding to Cheryl, a water skier he had met in Toronto, Gerlach stood on a 43-foot platform in Philadelphia's Aquarama. "The dive was perfect," he recalls, "but I could tell that my head would land on the edge of the sponge. All I had to do was turn my head slightly back, toward its center, but I thought the edge was dense enough to keep my head off the concrete. This conclusion nearly cost me my life." His chin hit the floor, resulting in a multiple fracture of his lower jaw, broken teeth, a horizontal fracture of his upper jaw, fractured cheekbones and a broken nose. Plastic surgery gave him a new, rounder face. Three weeks after the accident Gerlach and Cheryl were married. Four months after his honeymoon he began landing on his back.

Eventually the Gerlachs settled down in Las Vegas. For two years, three times daily, Gerlach dived from a 60-foot platform in the Circus-Circus casino, landing on a sponge placed between the 21 and craps tables. Although his act was profitable, Gerlach became bored after 2,000 dives, and last year he moved his family to Northridge, Calif., where he hired an agent and began working dedication ceremonies by leaping off newly completed structures.

One evening in the spring Gerlach happened to watch on television *The Great Race*, a movie that contains a memorable balloon sequence. The following day he called a balloonist and arranged to see if his dive could be performed by jumping out of a gondola. "The balloon was just what I wanted," Gerlach says. "I knew right away that its size and color would attract a crowd. But most important for me, a balloon would make the act precarious. The danger would be immediately apparent to spectators."

Gerlach practiced the balloon dive twice, using the parking lot of a Baptist church, and he discovered that a major problem was communication. Because of the noise of the balloon's air burner, he had trouble directing the placement of his sponge. The minister and a huge throng of children from a neighboring school appeared at the parking lot to watch him practice. He yelled down into the crowd, trying to make himself heard above the roar of the burner. Frustrated and momentarily losing sight of the man maneuvering the sponge, Gerlach shouted, "Where the hell is that _____?" The burner suddenly cut off and Joe's question, amplified by the balloon's interior, was heard even by Cheryl, washing dishes in her kitchen a quarter of a mile away. What else could Gerlach do but jump? His newest act was born.

Jumping Joe stood on the roof of the grandstand of Monticello Raceway at 7:30 p.m. As forecast, it had been a beautiful, clear day, but the wind was still blowing, and by early evening it was gusting to 35 mph. A balloon dive was out of the question, so Gerlach decided he would give the grandstand roof a try. He was scared. He had never performed in such a wind. He concentrated on his target, then plunged to the track 70 feet below. "There is a feeling of exultation that comes over me after a dive," he said upon gaining his feet. "It is like the feeling of victory. I have done something very dangerous and, because I have done it well, I have survived."

For half an hour Gerlach signed racegoers' programs. Then he returned to his motel room and telephoned his wife to tell her he had made it again. **END**

"We discovered a new way to tour Amsterdam. It's called the Water Walk."



"No miracle to it. Just a giant plastic bag. The wind at your back. And a heck of a lot of fun. All zipped in, John and I are ready for our stroll down the Amstel River. A great way to travel — if you avoid things like boats and locks.



The trick of the ... is to stay on your feet and keep the bag moving. Rather like doing the tango in an enormous bowl of gelatin.



Oops! There we go again ... toppled by the wake of a passing barge. And much to the amusement of the Amsterdamers watching from the stern.



Later, at the 164-year-old Klein Kalfje (Little Calf) Tavern, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club." It seems wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its gentle manners. The pleasing way it behaves in mixed company. They admire its unmistakable character. A taste not matched by any whisky, anywhere. Canadian Club — "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

Canadian Club

Imported in bottle from Canada

IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY © 1978

Your new Monte Carlo. A more romantic way.

The mansion you see below is historic Houmas House, near Burnside, Louisiana.

As romantic as it looks to be.

In fact, if you step inside the main foyer and stay real quiet, you can almost see Rhett Butler swooping Scarlett O'Hara into his arms.

Which brings us to something else Rhett might well have gone for.

Chevrolet's romantic Monte Carlo, below.

You find, for instance, handsome cloth and vinyl upholstery, plus soft carpeting.

You relax in deep foam seats, whether

1973 Monte Carlo at historic Houmas House, Burnside, Louisiana



Chevrolet. Building a better

to see the U.S.A. at a most realistic price.

you're in them for five minutes or five days.

You ride smoothly and maneuver crisply thanks to Full Coil suspension and standard power steering.

You find all this, and much more.

For less than you think.

Because we want your new Monte Carlo to be the best car you ever owned.

Monte Carlo.

It makes getting there almost as romantic as being there.

Chevrolet

There's so much to see, make sure you're around to see it. Buckle up





SHE NEVER PLAYED WITH DOLLS

On the other hand, 1971 Bowler of the Year Paula Sperber is something of a doll herself. With or without her 16-pound bowling ball, she exhibits the neatest form on the women's tour

by PAT PUTNAM

Those who think of the finals of a women's professional bowling tournament as a heroic clash between the Goodyear blimp and a 247-pound lady truck driver from Boise, Idaho obviously haven't yet caught Paula Sperber in her act. This leggy, left-handed blonde with a little girl's laugh and a grown-up sense of humor arrived on the scene two years ago, one day putting on hot pants, another day putting on the miniest of skirts and every day putting on the world. She came from nowhere to win the 1971 U. S. Women's Open with a 206 average, and suddenly everyone was asking, "Who's Paula Sperber?" Tongue tucked firmly in cheek, the 21-year-old Floridian told them.

To a reporter in Buffalo who asked if she had any bad habits: "Well, sometimes I litter a little."

To a writer at the PWBA tournament in Wichita last year who wanted to know if she was as big a swinger as her press notices indicated: "As a matter of fact, I had dinner alone in my room last night. But as far as I'm concerned, they could have kept the sandwich and left the guy that brought it up."

To a Japanese journalist who questioned her about her statistics: "Well, right now they're 35-25-36½, but I eat so many McDonald's hamburgers these days, I'm pushing 37."

The same writer asked if she had a boyfriend. "Sure," said Paula. "For the last year I've been sleeping with this guy I picked up named Irving." Then she grinned and explained that her bedroom companion was a blue and orange Teddy bear, and that Irving was only his code name. "He's really Italian," she added.

It is this kind of puckishness that accounts for much of Paula Sperber's sizzling image. That last journalistic exchange, for example, somehow led to a report that she drank between eight and nine glasses of vodka a day.

"She likes everyone to think she's the superplaygirl," says Bucky Woy, the roly-poly tournament director of the PWBA. "During a tournament she'll be in bed by eight, but the next morning she'll be telling everyone about the wild party she went to. She doesn't want anyone to think she's taking life too seriously."

Maybe so. But Mike Praznovsky Sr., Paula's coach since January 1971, wishes his star pupil would take *bowling* more seriously. "If she wanted to make bowling her life, her obsession," Praznovsky declares, "she undouhtedly would be the greatest woman bowler in the world. But she doesn't. When I first began coaching her I asked if she was ready for total dedication, and she said she didn't know, that maybe she wanted more out of life than just bowling. At least she was honest."

Paula discovered the sport when she was 11. Two years later she had rolled her first 200 game, and by the time she was 15 she had a 290, still the highest score of her career. Praznovsky saw her bowl in several junior tournaments, respected her 185 average but decided she would never be a top bowler unless she changed her style.

"The shot she had was destroying her game," he said. "She was too far toward the middle. But with her amazing strength she could still shatter the pins. And with her average, well, everyone thought she was on the right track. It disturbed me, but I didn't say anything for a long time."

Then one day Praznovsky, who is also a lefthander and once made spot appearances on the men's tour, decided to speak up. "Paula," he said, "you've got to move over if you want to be a good bowler."

"Move over?" said Paula, stunned. "Where?"

Praznovsky showed her, moving her five boards to the left. "My God," said Paula, "I'll throw it into the gutter." And at first she did. Both gutters. But finally she began finding the right track—and so Praznovsky moved her five more boards to the left.

"Which lane do you want me to bowl in?" Paula asked. "You've got me so far to the left I'm almost out in the street."

"She thought I was crazy," Praznovsky said. "But she tried it. And half an hour later she said, 'You know, you're right.' I knew she wouldn't have any trouble. With her strength and coordination she throws the most explosive ball of any girl bowler I've ever seen. I think she could outdo any girl in almost any sport she put her mind to." He shook his head. "But she won't. If she wanted to dedicate herself—like Marion Ladewig years ago—there's no telling how great she'd be. She'd make people forget Ladewig."

Praznovsky insisted on just one other change before he set her out on the wom-

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICH CLARKSON

en's tour. He gave Paula a glove he designed to reinforce the bowling hand and wrist. She said she wouldn't wear it. He insisted. She wore it. "Now she swears by it," he says, "but at first she said it was the end of her career."

The move to the left, now just two boards from the gutter, and the glove made the difference.

In 1970, her first year as a professional, Paula won only a couple of local tournaments. (The year before, she was a "guest" on the tour and won $210.) Last year, with Praznovsky's guidance, she was among the leaders on the professional women's money list, pocketing around $15,000 in total earnings. Her U.S. Open win—worth $4,000—came after she managed a double in the last frame of the 24th and final round-robin match.

"On the first ball I lost my balance and spun around twice, waving my arms like a big bird," Paula recalls. "Luckily, I didn't fall across the foul line."

Still she got the strike, and then a second, and finally nine pins to finish with a 215. June Llewellyn of Pompano Beach, Fla., left a 4-6 split and missed both pins for a 214. When Paula came out of the shock of her one-pin victory she told the press, "Let's all get stoned."

"Getting stoned: that's not too funny," said Paula, who a few months ago was named 1971's Woman Bowler of the Year. "It's like that story in Japan about my drinking all that vodka. If I drank that much *in a week* they'd have to put me into a cast. Eight or nine glasses of vodka. Wow! My astrologist in Miami told me I couldn't drink at all. He said any foreign substance like drugs or alcohol would be harmful. You couldn't get me within a mile of drugs. I don't need drugs to turn on. Love turns me on. People turn me on. Sports turn me on. Just being alive turns me on."

One of the centers of her life is children—her sister Marcia's children, to be exact. "She has three, and I guess I spend so much time with them I think of them as mine," says Paula. "But that's one of the things I'm talking about. I'm sure other people would be so much happier if they would appreciate things that they now take for granted."

Paula has two older sisters, Marcia and Marion, and two very close friends, Joe and Josie, who also happen to be her parents. And Beegee, a 73-pound pedigree beagle. It was Josie, a vibrant redhead with an infectious sense of humor, who first took Paula bowling. She had decided her youngest daughter was too quiet, too frail, too much of a realist for her age. "She was a reader," Josie says. "She wouldn't go near a doll. Never has. It's crazy. Now that she's 21 she goes to bed with a Teddy bear. But at that time, nothing but reality. She was in a shell, a worrier. I wanted to get her out, and I hoped the competition would be the answer. Some answer. Look at her now."

Look at her, indeed. The frail, quiet child of 11 emerged from her shell neatly packaged at 5′ 6″ and 126 pounds, not quite substantial enough to achieve her not-so-secret ambition to play quarterback with the Miami Dolphins. She has a lot of the other qualifications, however. At 35 yards, she can hit a receiver in the hands with a perfectly thrown pass and make it sting. At tournaments she has organized impromptu touch football games that sometimes get a little rough. Once when she was rolling out to her left and the tournament director was rolling, well, the other way, she found herself up against a tree trunk with a bad bone bruise. Another time she and a second girl bowler doubleteamed a visiting husband and flipped him into a concrete parking lot. Said Paula: "I thought we'd broken his back."

Last fall she was invited to a Dolphin workout for some publicity pictures. Arriving 15 minutes early, in a pair of hot pants, she was tossing a football back and forth on the sidelines with Strat Zammas, a Miami TV man, when Coach Don Shula strolled over. "Hey!" he said. "You've really got great hands."

"Great hands?" said Zammas, looking at Shula as though he had been in the sun too long.

Football and bowling are only two of the sports at which Paula excels. When she was five, Joe, a top three-cushion billiards player, put a cue stick in her hand, showed her how to make a bridge and discovered that in quick order she was beating him consistently.

"Dad's eyes aren't what they used to be," she explains gently. "If they were, I wouldn't be in a game long enough to reach for the chalk."

The picture of infinite patience, Joe Sperber is a quiet, caustic man who prefers to remain in the background where his daughter is concerned. When Paula bowls at home, which means three league outings a week, her parents never miss a night. Their vacations are arranged to coincide with one of her tournaments away from home.

"When she's bowling bad," says Joe, "she won't let me tell her anything. And I learned when you are the only man among three or four women, you are in trouble. They always stick together, and you always get outvoted."

Last semester Paula completed her second year at Miami-Dade Junior College, carrying a 3.5 average. With a tight schedule of exhibitions and public appearances from her sponsors, AMF, she reluctantly postponed more schooling. Ultimately, she would like to become a teacher.

She has gained a taste for romantic and philosophical literature that the



A GREAT PAIR OF HANDS, SAID DON SHULA

casual observer would not equate with women on the bowling tour. One of her favorite authors is Kahlil Gibran, whose collections of writings, *The Prophet*, has inspired many of today's young "I don't know anybody who expressed these views as he did, things like how you aren't supposed to impose your thoughts on your child but should let a child live its own life. . . ."

Paula's relationship with her mother reflects this. Although close, they respect each other's individualism and privacy. "I tell her everything I *think* she should know," says Paula. "Some things you just have to keep to yourself. And there are some things it's O.K. for a mother not to know. A person has to have *some* secrets."

Another literary companion on her travels is poet Rod McKuen. During a recent sunbathing session in her Miami front yard (bikini, lounge chair, gawking passers-by), she flipped through several pages of McKuen and quoted a brief passage:

But if you've a need for love
I'll give you all I own
it might help you down the road
till you've found your own.

She closed her eyes to the sun and became silent, thinking about love and Rod McKuen. "Everybody thinks I'm so independent," she said. "But inside I'm really chicken, scared to death." She stopped to consider her fright. "Paula Sperber, the shy, quiet little girl with the fast set of glib lines," said Paula Sperber, the s.q.l.g.w.t.f.s.o.g.l. "It's nothing but a super defense mechanism."

One of her defense mechanisms is an ability to shake off the criticisms she occasionally elicits from her PWBA colleagues. There is, understandably, a certain resentment over her selection as Bowler of the Year after winning only one title.

"Patty Costello won three tournaments and outaveraged Paula," says Dotty Fothergill, a former Bowler of the Year herself. "And Patty didn't even rate second place. But AMF is pushing Paula, and that's important." Despite the hostility, it doesn't seem to be anything personal. "It's not Paula's fault," says Dotty. "But the girls are all charged up now. When they bowl head-to-head with her these days, they try to blow her doors right off."

"She's young, like a horse," says Patty Costello. "I don't resent her, because she's not that good. You can't last doing what she's been doing. You can't throw publicity clips down the lane."

Such remarks are rare on the tour, however, and at home Paula has no difficulty forgetting the pressures of bowling. Her reverie this particular afternoon was interrupted when Josie came to the front door to remind her daughter about an appointment for some publicity pictures at Miami airport that afternoon. "Oh, damn," said Paula, getting up and wincing as she flexed her right arm. She had just taken up her umpteenth sport, golf, and was discovering muscles she didn't know she had. ("Man, he makes me hit a lot of balls," said Paula of her golf pro. "The first lesson I swung so hard I almost fell down. 'Hey, take it easy,' he told me. 'Leave me alone,' I said. 'I want to whack it.' And I did.")

"She wants to do so much," said Josie later, while Paula was changing. "She says she doesn't want to wake up one day and discover life has passed her by. But whenever she goes away she gets homesick—gone two days and the phone calls start. From Japan she had such a phone bill it would have been cheaper if we'd gone with her." While she was in Japan, Paula made such an instant hit that she was offered a six-month TV contract. "She told us she was thinking about taking it," Josie recalls. "Joe almost went up a wall. He's running around saying, 'My little girl. She's going to leave us. She's going to live in Japan.' I said, 'Joe, take it easy. Give it a couple more days.' The next night the phone rings. It's Paula. 'Momma, I want to come home,' she says. 'I'm so lonesome.' "

Paula came from the bedroom carrying five changes of clothing. She picked up her bowling-ball bag, hefted it and groaned. "I suppose they want me to lug this thing all over the airport."

"And don't let them keep you too long," Josie said. "You've got to bowl tonight."

"Hey, Mom," Paula said with mock weariness, "how come you never let me play with dolls like other girls?"

"Go," said Josie, pointing to the door. **END**



In the predawn darkness the Snow Rangers of Alta take to their guns and blast away across the mountains at their constant and deadly enemies—the avalanches

THINGS THAT GO BOOM IN THE NIGHT

by ***WILLIAM HJORTSBERG***

Driving up the narrow road into Little Cottonwood Canyon at dusk is a bit like entering a time machine. The homebound rush of Salt Lake City's commuter traffic is only eight miles distant, and the transition from the world of freeways is so abrupt that the contrast can only suggest the past. Pale, rounded granite boulders rising at the entrance of the Wasatch National Forest mark the boundary of the present, and for the next few miles at least a traveler can entertain his fantasies of yesteryear, until he comes upon the concrete futurism of the recently opened Snowbird ski area with its aerial tram out of Buck Rogers.

Ecologists were consulted in the planning of this space-age resort: someday soon, trees and shrubs will be planted on the condominium rooftop so it will be less conspicuous from the road, hiding the bald spot under a toupee of greenery. It would be just the place to show off my new Courrèges ski outfit, if I had one, instead of the one-piece insulated red snowsuit I bought because the ranchers back home in Montana all wear them outdoors in winter and my main concern, after all, is keeping warm.

On the way up the canyon are several gates, which seal the highway in times of avalanche hazard. In between, signs mark dangerous locations: TANNER'S SLIDE AREA NO PARKING OR STANDING NOV. 1 TO MAY 1. The mountains rise steeply on either side, and the road is directly in the path of several potential major slides. Another sign identifies the SUPERIOR SLIDE AREA, suggesting that avalanches here are the very best of all.

In the days when Alta was a silver-mining town, no one thought much about avalanches. The trees on the mountain slopes were cut for houses and mineshaft timbers. Then in 1874 they started keeping some records of slides. That winter avalanches nearly wiped out the camp and more than 60 lives were lost. By the turn of the century 60 more had been killed in slides. When the silver played out, most people went home. The avalanches were still there, of course, but nobody noticed anymore. Today, another treasure lures visitors to Alta, the same stuff avalanches are made of. "The pay isn't great but you get all the snow you can eat," is the standard joke among ski patrolmen. More than 150 inches—over 12 feet—so far this year, and it's still only January. Enough for hundreds of avalanches.

Later, Pete Lev, a Snow Ranger, is discussing avalanches in the Sitzmark Room of the Alta Lodge. One soon learns to tolerate cute names in ski country. Lev is slow-talking and steady-eyed, fine attributes for a hired gun, which is, in fact, what he is. Along with the other rangers hired by the Forest Service, he stalks and shoots down avalanches before they can become troublesome.

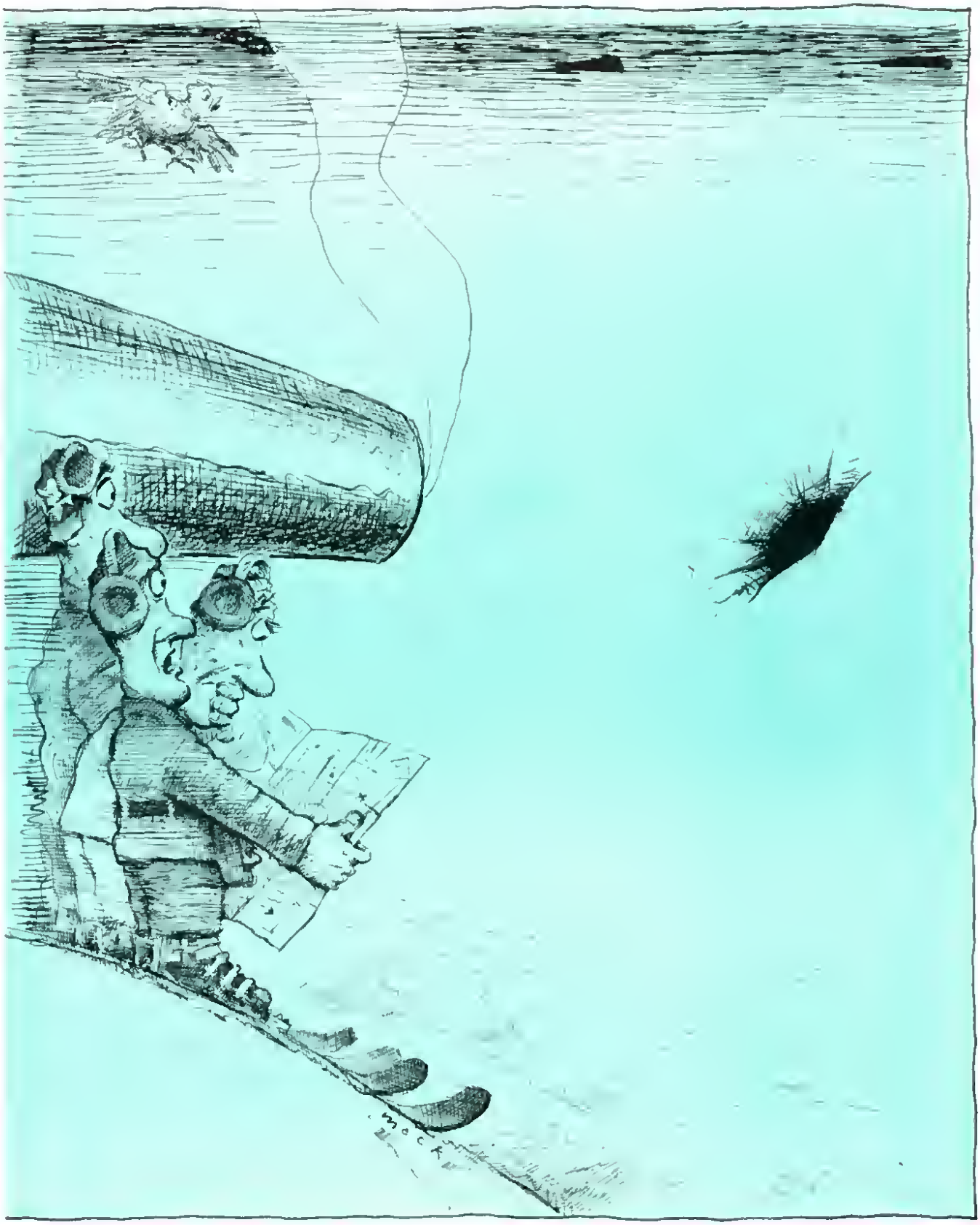
Lev can't promise me any avalanches. "This is an inexact science; like weather predicting, it is often inaccurate. But it's been fairly quiet around here since the beginning of the month. The time is right for another cycle. If it starts to snow soon, we should see some activity. Eighty percent of all serious avalanches start during or immediately after a storm." High winds are a critical factor in the development of unstable snow conditions. Wind shifts the snow and packs it into dense layers that eventually shear away from the slope in the form of a slab avalanche.

The next morning it is gray and windy. At noon Lev and I take the Germania chair lift to the top of the mountain. Deep pits have been dug around the bases of the lift towers to guard them against the destructive action of snow creep. On the way up Lev points out some of the sights: natural slide paths where Engelmann spruce only grow a few feet high, doomed to be uprooted before they are mature; and the chute where a ranger named Ron Perla rode out a huge avalanche when the snow cornice that he was dynamiting fell away beneath him and his belay rope broke. He was carried almost three thousand feet and walked away unhurt, the record run at Alta and a statistic somehow more impressive than the ones Guinness keeps for nonstop hiccuping and the world's largest fruitcake.

Part of Lev's job is to ski around and

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STAN MACK



check snow conditions. We move slowly out into the big cirque of Baldy Mountain, an area known as Ballroom. An easy traverse and some gentle sideslipping take us to a point below the cliffs. It has begun to snow, and the enclosing mist erases all perspective, like the washed-out backgrounds in Japanese and Chinese scroll paintings. Lev stops and examines some snow through his hand lens. "There's all kinds of snow," he explains.

"What kind is that?"

"Almost a graupel, but not quite. Very wet though."

"Think it will slide?"

"No, it seems stable."

The next morning, the alarm goes off at 5:30. I pull on my red snowsuit. There's a nice feeling about rising early, when DO NOT DISTURB signs still hang from the doorknobs of every other room in the lodge. Schaefer, the resident St. Bernard, is stretched like a lumpy rug on the landing and does not even twitch as I pass.

Outside, it is still snowing. A strong, stinging wind whips up blinding gusts. At the lower guard station, Lev is pulling on his boots, and I follow him back out into the storm to where the snow stakes are placed. One is fixed and measures the overall snowfall for the season in inches. The others are mounted on white-painted plywood platforms. The storm stake gauges the depth from a single storm. The 24-hour stake is cleared each morning, and Lev resets it after first collecting snow for a water-content analysis. Five inches have fallen during the night. The Forest Service program is not just to control avalanches but also to study them, and daily records are kept of the wind, precipitation, temperature, weather, surface and subsurface snow conditions. After the water content has been measured, there is time for oatmeal, eaten Scots fashion with the cream in a separate bowl.

It is still dark when we sidestep up to the Wildcat lift. "Morning, Hans," Lev calls to the operator who has the chairs moving at half speed. We are joined by Steve Medak and Ham Strayer. Both are professional ski patrolmen, and, on the way up, I learn the difference between them and the weekend skiers who work without pay for the National Ski Patrol Association, motivated by a love of the sport and the lure of free lift tickets. Alta, for example, is designated a Class A resort. This is not some Duncan Hines or Diner's Club classification testifying to the excellence of the cuisine and the firmness of the king-size innersprings; it refers to the degree of avalanche hazard. Alta is so classified because of the possibility of major slides. Rangers and professional ski patrolmen staff these Class A areas.

The gun sits on a high knoll on Peruvian Ridge, a position from which it not only controls the mountains across the highway on the opposite side of the canyon but also, after being turned, can fire into the ski area itself. The wind is fierce, driving the storm into a near-blizzard, and in the dawn light visibility is hardly more than 20 feet.

The canvas muzzle and breech covers are removed and Strayer hands up the log-sized ammunition to Medak, who stacks it beside the gun. Each round is an armload. The gun is a 105-mm. recoilless rifle, the heaviest artillery I have ever seen. Lev adjusts the sights; there is not enough visibility for the visual sight, and he will have to fire from coordinates, using a small orange target mounted in the skeleton of a dead tree for his aim. On his belt, his walkie-talkie babbles like a mindless parrot. I lend a hand with the ammo. The rounds come in long cardboard cylinders and are heavy enough to suggest the possibilities of dropping one, a definite no-no as these are anti-personnel fragmentation rounds and sensitive at both ends. Underneath our feet are almost 500 more.

In addition to the 105, the Snow Rangers have two other gun platforms, one above the guard station and the other in Albion Basin, both mounted with 75-mm. recoilless rifles. Rounding out the arsenal is a 75-mm. pack howitzer stored in the garage. This can be towed by jeep or Sno-Cat and wheeled into place for firing from any of the lodge parking lots or from the road when conditions demand it. The war lasts as long as there is snow on the ground. It is a war hopefully without casualties, a special kind of war in which the aim is to save lives.

The first shot is Hellgate. A round is eased out of the cardboard cylinder and the horseshoe clamp securing the explosive tip clatters onto the platform floor. "Loading," Strayer calls as he slides the big shell into the breech; then, "Half cock," and he pulls the lever to close the action. Medak is reading the coordinates off a plastic-protected clipboard as Lev squints into the sight: "Elevation, 102; deflection, 49." We are all wearing padded Mickey Mouse earmuffs, looking like lunatic hi-fi enthusiasts on top of a mountain in a snowstorm. The numbers are repeated as a double check just as the parrot on Lev's waist squawks: "Alpine five to Alpine two . . . Alpine five to Alpine two" Alpine two is Lev. He unhooks his radio. "Alpine two here." "Pete, we've got a slide at White Pine completely across the highway." The talking bird begins to sound human. "A girl in a VW must have run into it just after it came down. She's not hurt but her car's stuck pretty good. The road crew's on its way. Shouldn't take long."

"We're about to fire on Hellgate. Do you want me to hold off?"

"Ten-four."

"O.K., then we'll hold our fire until we hear from you guys."

"Thanks. . . . Five clear."

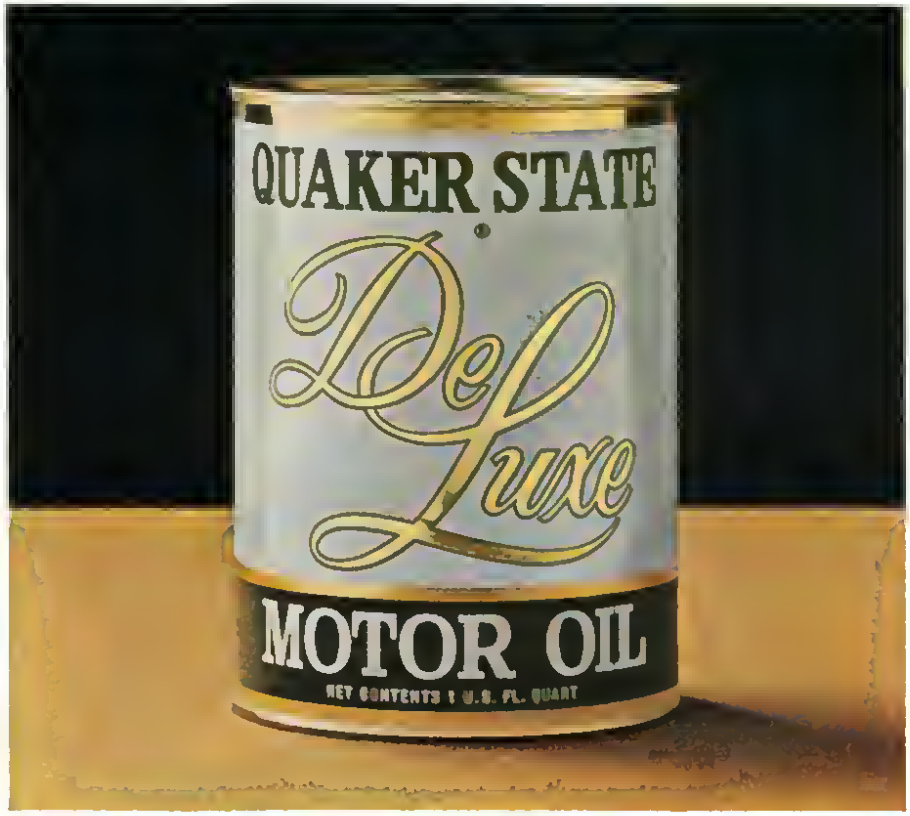
"Two clear."

While we wait, Lev reminds me to keep my mouth open when the gun is fired, protection against shattered eardrums. We talk about nearby Snowbird and its modernistic tram. "The lodges here at Alta really feel the competition," he says. "We never used to get up this early to shoot. Now the pressure is on us to get all the ski areas cleared before the lifts open at 9:30." The lodges also complain when the road is closed for long periods. There's only one way in, and at times severe storms have kept Alta sealed off from the outside world for periods of up to 10 days. Once a helicopter was brought in to evacuate the guests, and two millionaires slugged it out in the lobby of the Alta Lodge over who would be first in line.

The all-clear comes and the gun crew picks up where it left off. "Full cock." Medak pushes the breech lever all the way home. "Ready to fire." We step to the side of the gun, hands holding our earmuffs, mouths open in premature astonishment. "*Fire!*" The metal edges of the platform shudder and clang with the roar of the gun's report. There is a double flash in the darkness; the muzzle's blast is mirrored at the breech. By the time the sound of the detonating shell carries across the canyon like a delayed-action echo, the next round is being loaded. The target is West Hellgate. The coordinates are repeated. Our mouths open. "*Fire!*"

continued

Peace of mind.



This is peace of mind by the quart. Use it and you know you're giving your engine the best protection money can buy.

Quaker State DeLuxe 10W-40 Motor oil is deliberately designed to exceed the motor oil requirements of today's more demanding engines. Quaker State is refined only from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, the world's choicest. Then it's fortified by oil specialists to protect your engine under tough driving conditions.



This year, buy yourself some peace of mind. Ask for Quaker State wherever they care about cars. The times demand it.

Quaker State your car to keep it running young.


Put a little Spr
PINTO
Ford
in

int in your life.



three popular small cars now new Sprint colors inside and out.

Classic white with a racy splash of blue, a sporty streak of red, dual racing mirrors and color coordinated interiors. Take your choice of Pinto, Maverick or Mustang. All with the new Sprint Decor Option package. At your Ford Dealers now.

FORD DIVISION Ford



The McCulley's "Got-our-claim-paid-in-48-hours" smiles.

At Safeco, we have a standing goal to make payment in full within five working days from the time our adjuster gets your claim

We usually succeed

And often we do even better—as we did in this case with the McCulleys who hold policy #20HO 376143.

So you can see why 95 6% of the people who have made claims with us are happy with the settlement And that's a fact

Safeco Insurance on your car, home, health, boat, business, life and everything else you value Your Safeco agent is ready to help He's in the Yellow Pages Why not phone him today?

SAFECO INSURANCE

Smile, you're with Safeco

One by one, we shoot the targets on down the canyon: Little Superior Twotrees, Little Superior Right and Left, Superior High Triangle. It is fully daylight now but still no visibility due to the high winds and snow. Firing blind by the numbers takes more time but still it isn't long before the road shots are done and the big nine-foot gun is pivoted on its mount and brought to bear on the higher slopes in the ski area: Stonecrusher, West Rustler, Sunspot, Baldy cirque and shoulder. Moving the gun is something of a chore; bolts must be removed and getting them back in place is a tricky maneuver, but the really unpleasant task is cleaning the piece after a day's shooting. It takes three men to drive the long ramrod down the barrel, a process repeated four times.

Lev contacts Alpine five with his radio and reports that he is finished on the ridge. Teams of patrolmen are now dispatched to ski-check the areas that were fired upon to see if we brought anything down. The objective in using explosives is not to start avalanches but to discover if the snow is stable or unstable and to eliminate hazard. If a shot triggers a slide, an unstable condition has been revealed and corrected. If nothing happens, indications are good that the snow is stable and relatively safe.

The next job for Lev's crew is a ski check of the Peruvian Ridge, knocking down any dangerous cornices that may have built up during the storm. Before starting, the patrolmen unfasten the Arlberg straps on their skis and tie 30-meter lengths of red "avalanche cord" around their waists. The idea is to jettison your skis if you're caught in a slide. According to the book, a swimming motion keeps you on the surface of the moving snow, and, if you happen to get buried, a rescue party can follow the lead of your "av-cord" and dig you out. My own safety straps remained buckled around my boots; I fall too frequently and, with release bindings, I'm more worried about losing my skis and having to walk down than I am about being swept away in a slide.

Strayer is below us, behind some trees for protection, as Lev edges out onto an overhanging cornice, holding the end of Medak's ski pole as a makeshift belay. He stamps his forward ski sharply down and the lip of the cornice cleaves away, dropping onto the steep slope and releasing a small slide. The billowing snow rushes down the mountain like a river of smoke. The slide's appearance is deceptively gentle. A young spruce grows directly in its path, some five feet of treetop showing above the surface, the trunk as big around as my wrist. The rushing snow breaks it with a crack loud as a rifle shot. Strayer whistles in appreciation. "That was a little close, fellows," he says.

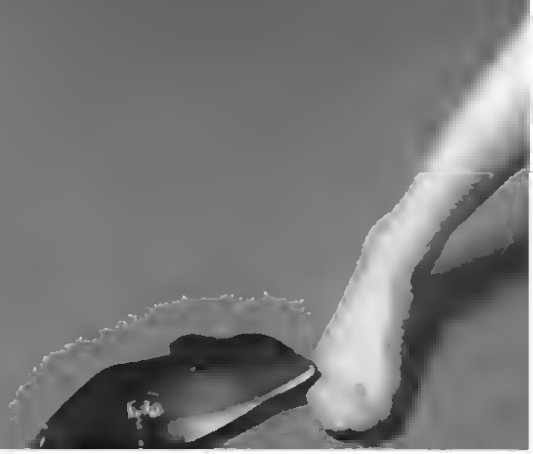
Farther down the ridge the crew encounters a large cornice that cannot be safely approached on skis. "We'll have to blow it," Lev says. Strayer takes a bomb from inside his parka. It is a military demolition "satchel-charge," a 2½-pound brick of tetrytol. Strayer secures a blasting cap and a length of fuse with friction tape; a pull-wire igniter provides the initial spark. The fuse smolders and an easy, overhand toss lobs the smoking bomb onto the target. We kick-turn and ski back along the ridge to wait. It is just like in the movies. The blast is satisfyingly loud; snow and frozen debris fountain into the air as the cornice drops without starting a slide.

Two bombs later, the morning's work is done. Time for a run just for the fun of it. Lev, Strayer and Medak start down the fall line, carving lazy, graceful, interconnected S's between the evergreens. I watch with utter, unconcealed envy. This is the steepest slope I have ever ventured on with skis on my feet and it is all I can do to traverse and kick-turn, traverse and kick-turn, stitching my way back and forth across the mountain un-

continued



You do things right and people take advantage of you.



Working for National ought to be a snap.

After all, we're not one of the big boys in the business, right?

Wrong.

In fact, it's staggering to realize that we've actually got more new Chevys than anyone else in the world. Clean, shiny '72 Chevys. (Not to mention our other fine cars.)

That means that most every day upwards of fifty thousand businessmen and salesmen and vacationers and you name 'ems can count on us to put them on the road.

It's exhausting.

Because with National there's no fooling around.

Doesn't matter if we're renting you a car in Orinda, California or Boston, Massachusetts, there's only one way to do it. The right way.

Keeping customers waiting, that's a no-no. So those rental forms have to be filled out fast, fast, fast.

And all those Green Stamps we have to count out. It's not enough to be like everyone else and just smile and say thanks. No, we have to smile and say thanks with S&H Green Stamps.*

And then there are all those reservations we have to keep track of. With business so good, you wouldn't think that National would get so uptight about, well, goofing a reservation now and then.

With us, though, reservations are sacred.

National Car Rental System (in Canada it's Tilden Rent-A-Car). *Valid on U.S. rentals only except where prohibited by law †In Minnesota call 612-944-1234 collect.



And think of those guys who have to take care of all our cars.

A car gets returned and say we're really busy. Do you think the car gets rented right out again? First, National wants to be sure the car is washed and vacuumed and gassed up. That the tires and battery and everything are up to snuff. Why, the people we rent to probably don't take care of their own cars that good.

As you can see, it's no cinch working for a company that does things the way National does.

But they figure that the more you have to offer the more people will take advantage of what you offer.

So far, it looks like they're right.

To reserve a car in the U.S. and elsewhere in the world call 800-328-4567 toll free.†

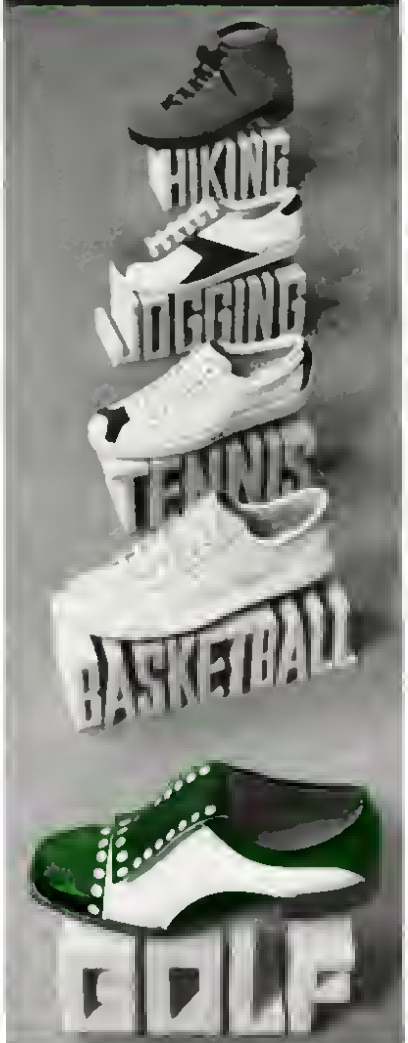


NATIONAL CAR RENTAL®

Take advantage of us.

©National Car Rental System, Inc. 1972

BATA.
The name of the shoe whatever the name of the game.



From golf to hiking, or whatever the sport, Bata makes a shoe to fit. More people the world over wear Bata shoes than any other brand.
For dealer call free
800-631-1972
In N.J.
800-962-2803

Bata

Sports Division Bata Shoe Co. Inc., Belcamp, Md. 21017

til I reach the bottom. Naturally, a lot of falling down is involved.

In the office, the Snow Rangers and ski patrolmen relax and compare notes. Someone has a five-pound box of gift chocolates, and much information is exchanged around mouthfuls of bonbons. It is agreed that the area between High Rustler and Racecourse should remain closed today and a message is radioed to patrolmen to post the appropriate signs. Closures are a temporary measure designed to insure public safety. But the public is not always cooperative. Signs are often ignored and every year skiers are caught in slides. Because the image of patrolmen armed with summons books and writing tickets is distasteful to every man on the patrol there seems to be no effective way to prevent people from venturing into the forbidden areas. Avalanches can be controlled but not skiers intent on breaking the rules.

Lev learns that the Albion gun brought down a big slide in Greeley Bowl. The entire slope broke away and came down as one, the largest slab avalanche of the season. Lev decides to check out the slide and asks me along. Getting to Greeley Bowl involves a long traverse through the closed area, from Racecourse over to Stonecrusher. The slope is quite steep and icy, and looking down is not recommended. We ski into Greeley Bowl one at a time in case further slides are dislodged. I sideslip down to where Lev examines the fracture line. It is almost two feet high and runs in an irregular arc across the entire face. Far below in the valley, acres of debris testify to the size of the slide. Lev digs beneath the surface with his ski pole and comes up with a handful of sugary crystals such as you might collect from the inside of your freezer. "Depth hoar," he explains, letting the whole handful run through his fingers like grains of sand. "It won't compress like ordinary snow. The surface pack has nothing to adhere to; it's very unstable. This whole slope could slide again at any time."

"I don't like it out here," I say.

"Neither do I. Let's go have some lunch."

In the afternoon I retire to my room with a stack of avalanche literature Lev has loaned me. Outside my window a snowshoe hare nibbles at the lower branches of a white fir. I find myself nodding off over the international snow classification system. What I always thought of as simply Irving Berlin's inspiration for *White Christmas* is actually divided into 10 types of solid precipitation: plates, stellar crystals, columns, needles, spatial dendrite, graupel, etc. Learning to be a Snow Ranger takes considerable bookwork. Not only that, but it calls for a seven-hour day before lunchtime. By the time I get to the destructive metamorphism of snow I'm fast asleep.

On the following days we sometimes start an hour earlier, but the routine remains the same. The only difference is the weather. Some mornings it is clear and the ride up the chair lift under the stars with the silent trees shrouded in freshly fallen snow is a good substitute for nirvana. On these mornings you can see the shells explode like fireflowers on Mount Superior across the canyon, the shrapnel spreading tendrils of flame in the dark. And if you look real close when the sun is up you can even see the projectile in the final moments of its trajectory, a tiny, black speck arcing into the target. Once there is a dud. When this happens the position is marked, and in the summer, when the snow melts, a team will climb up to find it and blow it with hand charges.

There are other things worth mentioning: the magic of a mountaintop sunrise when Salt Lake Valley is free of smog and you can see down the canyon to the khaki patchwork of plowed farmland and the winter-white Oquirrh Mountains beyond. And those mornings when the wind whips the snow off the ridge in a long, flat plume and standing on the gun platform is like being sandblasted with ice particles. And the way a slide starts to move after a shot hits, the first ripples barely wrinkling the surface before it spreads in a silent, cloudlike rush down the mountainside.

The morning I leave Alta there is a true blizzard, almost a complete white-out. "You're lucky to be getting out now," Pete Lev says as he waves me off. "The last time something like this blew up, the road was closed for over a week."

Back in Montana, I find that three days of 30° below weather have left the pickup unable to start and all the pipes frozen. The red snowsuit comes in handy for crawling around under the house applying a blowtorch to the plumbing. It's small consolation to know that down here on my belly in the dirt I'm safe at last from avalanches. **END**

In one year many new cars depreciate as much as our new car costs.



The Kelley Blue Book of used car prices is a book of horror stories.

For most new car buyers, it's read 'em and weep.

The January/February '72 Blue Book shows the following depreciation for various one-year-old 1971 cars. (F.O.B. new car price less current Blue Book wholesale price.)

Pontiac Bonneville Sedans depreciated $2040. Chrysler New Yorker 4-door Hardtops, $2034. Buick Riviera Sport Coupes, $1984.

Down the drain.

That's more than the Honda Sedan costs in the first place.

Including standard equipment that sounds more like optional extras: responsive rack and pinion steering, smooth 4 speed synchromesh transmission, power-assisted front disc brakes and front bucket seats. And gas mileage that sounds more like wishful thinking: up to 40 miles to the gallon.

It's up to you.

You can spend between $1500 and $2000 for depreciation on a big expensive new car, and in a year have nothing to show for it.

Or you can spend between $1500 and $2000 for a Honda Sedan, and in a year have a car to show for it.

The Honda Sedan. Under $1600.*
It makes a lot of sense.

*SUGGESTED RETAIL P.O.E. DEALER PREPARATION, TRANSPORTAT[illegible] EXTRA.

"I could see the sweat droplets fly off **Mike Quarry**'s body," began *New York Post* Sportswriter **Sheila Moran**'s story, in suitably gee-whiz fashion, as she became the first woman to cover a boxing match from ringside in the state of New York. The breakthrough was the result of a ruling by State Athletic Commissioner **Ed Dooley** permitting distaff reporters to occupy the previously all-male ringside press spots. "You're so close," marveled Miss Moran, "that if you lean in just a little, your chin can rest against the raised canvas arena."

◉ It must be getting near Indy 500 time again. Those weird shapes are starting to roll out of the garages. The latest is this creation by British designer **Maurice Phillippe**, featuring stubby winglets jutting from each side of the driver's compartment, occupied here by **Al Unser**, last year's winner. Six of the vehicles will be made for Indy, intended as No. 1 and backup cars for Unser, Mario Andretti and Joe Leonard, all driving for the **Parnelli Jones-Vel Miletich** team. The wings are supposed to give the car added stability, but to the unpracticed eye they seem designed chiefly to provide two new surfaces to paint advertising on.



Let's hope things are good in the lumber business this year. **Aaron Jones**, a Eugene, Ore. lumberman went to the auction of the late **George D. Widener**'s thoroughbred stable at Hialeah last week and ponied up $410,000 for the 3-year-old filly **Bendara**. The price equaled the highest figure ever for a thoroughbred at the Hialeah Sales Pavilion—paid two days earlier by **F. Eugene Dixon**, a nephew of Widener, for another of his uncle's horses, **Treat Me Fair**, a half sister to Bendara.

Those mutterings aboard the Italian luxury liner *Michelangelo* have nothing to do with mutiny. The crew's soccer team is simply miffed over the fact that it won only second place in the 1971 Atlantic Cup Football League despite rolling undefeated over the likes of *Bremen*, *Atlantis* and *Homeric*. The league, made up of teams from 23 liners that put in to New York, is sponsored by the YMCA Seamen's House in Manhattan. *Michelangelo's* total of games played (five) was not enough to overcome the point lead piled up by the liner *Victoria*, which was 6-1-1. In accepting second place, Captain **Carlo Kirn**, master of *Michelangelo*, and the team captain, **Vincent Speranza**, said only that they hoped to get at *Victoria* soon. "We keep trying for a match," lamented Speranza, "but they always find an excuse." Ships that pass in the night, eh, Vincent?

The costume and setting may have been strange, but the waistline was familiar. Sure enough, it was **Sonny Jurgensen**, the Washington Redskin quarterback, out there in tennis togs, playing an exhibition match in Washington with Vice-President **Spiro Agnew**, U.N. Ambassador **George H. Bush** and Budget Chief **George P. Schultz**. The Jurgensen-Schultz partnership took the measure of Agnew and Bush 7–6, and even if the workout did little for Jurgensen's portly profile, the Vincent Lombardi Cancer Research Center benefited from the gate receipts.



◆ If they write a musical about baseball spring training, they'll have to call it *Son of Hair*. Locks fell like September batting averages from Florida to Palm Springs this month as long-tressed players came under the stern eyes of their managers. In the case of the Dodgers' **Maury Wills**, however, the clip job was purely voluntary. No manager would ask *that* much.

After beating the Blues 5–1 the other night in St. Louis the Montreal Canadiens made their sleepy ways back to the Hilton Inn near the airport. While some of the players lingered in the lobby, Coach **Scotty Bowman** went up to his room. When a fire broke out in a nearby suite, smoke chased Bowman out onto a narrow ledge, whence a human chain of Canadien players tried unsuccessfully to rescue him. **Serge Savard**, who put his foot through a sliding glass door in the attempt, needed 18 stitches. Bowman finally made it down a ladder. But for two other Canadiens it was profiles in courage. **Jean-Claude Tremblay**, a volunteer fireman in Montreal when he is not playing hockey, pulled off a hat trick by rescuing three hotel patrons with some nifty maneuvers with ladder and pickax. And **Guy Lapointe** rescued one of the firemen who arrived to extinguish the blaze.

Ever buy a magazine subscription to help a boy through college? Well, you could save your money in the case of **Dick Walsh**, former general manager of the California Angels, who was fired last season after the club fell apart and into fourth place. Walsh, who was in the third year of a seven-year contract calling for an estimated $50,000 annual salary, decided that since he had no better prospects, he might as well further his education. He enrolled this semester at Fullerton Junior College as a liberal arts major, and by the time the $50,000 salary runs out, he ought to have his bachelor's degree and a line on some $10,000-a-year job.

Why after 9 years, don't you have a choice of soft tasting whiskies?



In 1963 we introduced the American public to something new. A soft tasting whiskey.

They liked what they tasted. And now, some 200 million bottles later, they still like what they taste. And still nobody else has come close to duplicating the soft appeal of Calvert Extra.

They may be trying, of course. But that means spending years in doing experiments by the thousands. And that means spending dollars by the millions.

That's *their* problem. You don't have any problem. If you want to drink softly, you have only one choice. 86 proof Calvert Extra.

CALVERT EXTRA. THE SOFT WHISKEY.

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS ©1972 CALVERT DIST. CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.



When you jump, it's just you.

Airborne is an outfit that can show you who you are. Somebody who counts. One of a special breed of men.

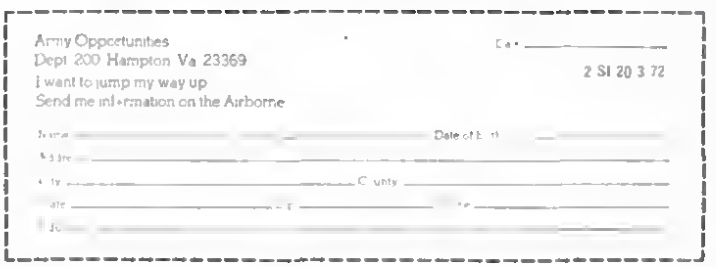
When you jump, it's just you. Every time is like the first time. You get that jolt in your gut. The world turns at your feet. You know who you are.

Join this special breed. Get a special knowledge of yourself. Go Airborne. You'll get the best training there is. You'll get into better shape than you've ever been in. You'll get the extra money they call jump pay. You'll be somebody.

And in today's Army, if you pack the gear, the top has no roof. There's never been more opportunity. For education. For advancement. To see some of the world. To know some of the people in it. To get to know what you really can do.

See your Army representative. Or send the coupon. Get ahead. All the way. Airborne.

Today's Army wants to join you.


Army Opportunities
Dept 200 Hampton Va 23369
I want to jump my way up
Send me information on the Airborne
2 SI 20 3 72



Cadillac. Wherever men seek to excel.

The more a person strives for excellence in his life, the more likely he is drawn inevitably to Cadillac. For this is the car that stands for excellence itself. With styling that is both classical and contemporary. With ever greater measures of comfort and convenience. Yet, Cadillac's reputation in these regards tends to overshadow other, equally significant factors. Excellence of engineering. Infinite care in manufacturing. The things that add up to driving peace of mind. It's also easy to forget that Cadillac is an excellent value—that Cadillac resale value is traditionally highest of any car built in the land. So why admire it from afar? An authorized Cadillac dealer is just a few iron shots away.

GM

Achievement is in the air. Cadillac and others are making real progress in efforts to remove the automobile from the air pollution problem. You, too, can make a contribution by using no-lead or low-lead fuels. Getting a regular tune-up. Having emission control systems on your car checked regularly. Thank you. Cadillac Motor Car Division.

Cadillac

See Masters golf with Cadillac
CBS TV, April 8, 9



The likes of Avrehem Melemed end Moshe Gertel (right) heve mede e West Virginia college e winner

Wandering Jews in an unpromising land

A lost tribe of Hebrews would have been easier for the incredulous rabbi to accept than this delegation of Israeli swimmers claiming to be from West Liberty State College in the remotest hills of West Virginia. "How did you get here?" he wanted to know. "*What* are you doing in West Virginia?"

The four Israelis—Avraham Melamed, Moshe Gertel, Yoel Kende and Danny Stern—and their 250-pound Irish Catholic coach, Tom Grall, had come to Steubenville, Ohio seeking funds for the impoverished student-athletes. They tried to explain. They had heard the questions many times before, increasingly of late as the Israelis have made West Liberty one of the favorites in next week's NAIA championships.

"We came to West Liberty to swim and to get an education," said Melamed, the group's spokesman and, at 27, conceivably the world's oldest world-class butterfly swimmer.

The rabbi gave the Israelis his blessing but nothing material.

"I felt sorry for him," says Grall. "It had to look like a setup, a hoax. O.K., it's enough they are wandering Jews swimming for an obscure West Virginia college, but my well-preserved kibbutzniks are not exactly college-age kids. And I'm not your neat little swimming coach."

Melamed, the first of the Israelis to find his way to West Virginia, arrived at West Liberty as the result of what college presidents like to refer to as cultural-exchange programs. Grall calls it recruiting. Yet to this day he is not sure who recruited whom.

Melamed and Grall met by a pool, of course, the huge municipal pool in Turin. Grall was in Italy as the assistant coach of the U.S. men's team for the 1970 World University Games; Melamed was a member of the Israeli team. For years he had tried to get a swimming scholarship in the U.S. but had no takers. The problem, increasingly, was his age—specifically, the NCAA rule which states that an alien student-athlete loses a year of eligibility for each year of organized competition after his 19th birthday. By this formula, Melamed had minus-three years of eligibility when he met Grall.

Nonetheless, Grall said he would see if Springfield College, his alma mater, would give Melamed a full ride. In passing, he mentioned West Liberty and the benefits of being educated there—specifically that the NAIA does not penalize aliens. But although tuition would be free, room and board, alas, would not.

Back home, Grall learned that Springfield wasn't able to help Melamed. And so that was that, or so Grall thought—until he got a long-distance call. It was Melamed, announcing that he had arrived. "Arrived *where*?" asked Grall. "In Pittsburgh," said Melamed. "Why?" asked Grall. "I've decided to go to West Liberty," said Melamed. "Don't move," said Grall, who informed his president that they had a new freshman and then left for Pittsburgh to escort him into the hills.

"It was easier getting from Ramat Yohanan to Pittsburgh than it was to get from Pittsburgh to West Liberty," says Melamed.

All roads do not lead to West Liberty, but one that does. Route 88, is called the Cow Path to Culture. The Israeli was taken on a more scenic route,

continued

a roller-coaster ride over a ribbon of cracked concrete, with no guardrails to prevent a car from taking a shortcut down a ravine. Melamed kept his nose pressed to the car window, looking for the bright lights. Instead, he saw farms, strip mines and hairpin curves.

They came at last to West Liberty. "It was not what I was expecting," says Melamed. "Coach described it as a small town. But a small town in the States, I thought, would be 100,000 people—50,000, at least."

What he found was a town of 500, 450 of whom must be in perpetual hiding. As far as bright lights go, there's the Boston general store; Max' one-chair barbershop; the post office; the Hilltopper Inn, a beer joint; and a seemingly abandoned church. Melamed also expected to swim against Indiana and Yale because Grall had told him West Liberty swam in the nationals—he had sort of forgotten to mention it was the *NAIA* nationals. "I was what you call wiped out," says Melamed.

For his part, Grall knew he had got an old swimmer, but what he didn't know was that Melamed was both old and wheezing. Melamed said his asthma was of no importance, but Grall took him to a specialist in Greenville, N.C. who was dumfounded to discover that his patient was a swimmer, as an asthmatic's lung capacity is limited.

"It is a bad problem," says Melamed's Olympic roommate, Yoel Kende. "In Mexico City he slept under the bed because it was the only place he could breathe."

Melamed has shown he isn't damaged goods. He has a 3.89 grade average and takes both general and organic chemistry, as he wants to become a doctor. He has not lost a race in two seasons and is the defending NAIA champion in the 100- and 200-yard butterfly, events in which he has personal bests of 52.3 and 1:57.6. Largely due to him and his compatriots, West Liberty won the West Virginia Intercollegiate Athletic Conference title this year with an 11-3 record.

In the past 15 months three other Israeli swimming champions have made the terrifying trip from Pittsburgh. One, Moshe Gertel, swims the 200 and 500 freestyle, and has won 26 of 28 races. He, too, is considered elderly, being 25.

"Age is an American myth," says Melamed. "Americans are prematurely through with swimming at 21 because they are finished with college."

Gertel, however, broods about his age. "They say I'm over the hill," he says morosely. "I hope I am just beginning to make the climb. Who knows, perhaps everybody is right and I am wrong."

The other two recruits are mere striplings; breaststroker Kende, who was born in Rumania and is a "Tel Aviver," is 23, as is Stern, who swims the individual medley. Kende has more potential, having personal bests of 1.01.5 for 100 yards and 2:18 for 200 and, like Melamed, is unbeaten in the U.S.

With the advent of the Israelis, swimming is on the point of eclipsing football as the No. 1 sport at West Liberty, and the football team has had two straight undefeated seasons. This is just fine by the school's president, James Chapman, who is known in West Liberty as the man who led the Israelites to the promised land. "Winning is important to our students," he says. "Not in a rah-rah sense, but in a very practical way. We are not an elite school but a college directed toward first-generation students, people who come from families of limited educational background. As everyone knows, this area has been depressed, impoverished for generations, and it is important for the student body to be able to identify with success. When I hired Grall, all I expected of him was that he would keep the pool clean. Now he may bring home a championship."

No wonder then that Chapman has aided and abetted Grall in recruiting the Israelis. To his credit, however, Chapman's interest in them has continued. When he discovered that the quartet was living in a rundown apartment in Wheeling, 15 miles away, because they couldn't afford to stay in a dorm, Chapman told Grall to move them on campus. "We'll find the money somewhere," he said.

The search led to the rabbi; to Robert Briner, the executive vice-president of the Dallas Chaparrals; to Harold Zinman, who owns a Boston printing company and is vice-president of the Sports for Israel Committee, which, in turn, donated $1,500. Last week the B'nai B'rith Sport Lodge of New York City chipped in another $1,000, so the swimmers' room-and-board bill is now only $2,500 in arrears.

Grall, who always wears short-sleeved sweat shirts inside out, is himself acquainted with hard times. Although he quadruples in brass as a phys ed professor, swimming coach, assistant track coach and defensive coordinator of the football team, he makes less than $10,000 a year.

But lack of money is only one of Grall's problems, the others being when to peak his swimmers and his weight. In regard to the latter, his opening sally on entering the pool is, "How's the water level? Low? Don't fill it, I'll jump in." And he never runs, for, as he says, "From the back I look like two pigs fighting behind a blanket."

Recently all three problems converged. West Liberty had an away meet scheduled with another NAIA powerhouse, Clarion (Pa.) State—a four-hour trip. There was a report of a storm. The Clarion coach called Grall, asking him to leave early, five hours early if necessary, but not to cancel.

"I would say Clarion wants us, wouldn't you?" Grall told his team. "Oh, boy, do they want us. They want to whip our butts. But then everyone is aiming to do that. Everybody peaks for West Liberty now."

But West Liberty doesn't peak for everybody. Would Grall point for Clarion? No, he would not. There was a very practical reason which dictated this decision—West Liberty was going to have to drive to Clarion.

"When you're poor, you travel poor," says Grall. "My idea of heaven is to have enough money to hire a Greyhound bus." Instead, Grall led a three-car caravan for five hours over slippery mountain roads, exceeded his $40 travel budget by $4 and lost the meet.

Later, after prying himself loose from under the steering wheel, Grall sighed and said, "I'm over the border of obesity. I'm afraid to get on a penny scale for fear they'll tell me to get off and come back when I'm alone. Oh, this weight is really painful on airplanes. I don't sit down, I just aim my backside and overflow."

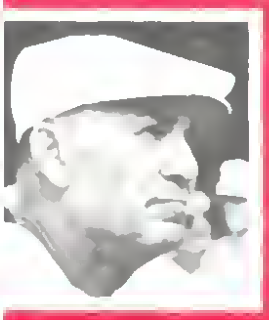
Then, as if suddenly struck by a brilliant thought, he turned to Melamed and said, "Do you have any divers in Israel? We really need one who knows how to fall off a board."

"We got one who is pretty good," said Melamed, "but he's also pretty old."

"How old?"

"Maybe 50."

"Can you get him here in time for the nationals?" said Grall. **END**



MY MASTER SYSTEM by Ben Hogan

When you buy my clubs you are buying the most perfect instruments ever created for playing golf

The component parts of every iron have been carefully designed and skillfully manufactured for maximum performance. Each iron in turn positively relates to every other iron, and this synergetic relationship forms the total *IRONS SYSTEM*

This same concept, design and meticulous manufacturing process is carried through the *WOODS SYSTEM*.

In turn, the *IRONS SYSTEM* and the *WOODS SYSTEM* are designed to interrelate and develop the fullest measure of performance as a *MASTER SYSTEM!*

As an example of our superior design you can see above the perfection of the gradation of the stepdown pattern of our exclusive high performance Apex Shafts. Our clubs are designed with less than the weight of a dollar bill in swing weight variation from club-to-club within our *IRONS* and *WOODS SYSTEMS*

Ben Hogan

AMF | BEN HOGAN

2912 West Pafford Street, Fort Worth, Texas 76113

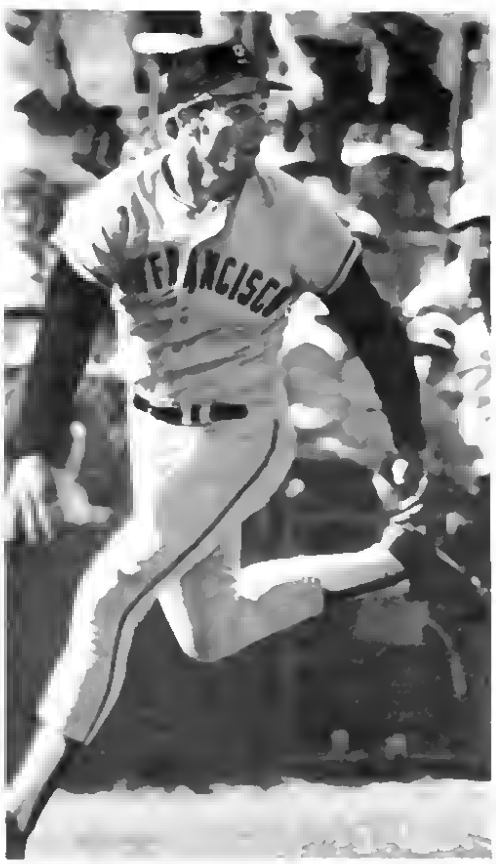
Available only at your golf professional shop

BASEBALL / *Ron Fimrite*

King-size phenom for the Giants

Six-foot six-inch Dave Kingman of the San Francisco Giants is the sort of baseball player who calls to mind the kind of hyperbole that has been all too infrequent in spring training prose since the celebrated appearance so many years ago of another Giant giant, Clint Hartung.

Hartung? Yes, great big fellow. Burst on the scene right after World War II. Ran like a greyhound. Could throw balls through armor plate and hit them beyond the horizon. A cinch for the Hall of Fame. Unfortunately, there just didn't seem to be any position for him to play. And there was the little matter of the curveball. His career, alas, was brief and lamentably undistinguished.



SWIFTLY GOES DAVE RUN THE BASES

Kingman? Yes, great big fellow, only 23 years old. Tremendous throwing arm. Hits home runs that are conversation pieces wherever he plays. Fast? Why, the only man on his team he can't beat in a footrace is probably the fastest man in the game, Bobby Bonds. And though it is true the Giants are having trouble finding a place for him to play and that he has been known to swing at and miss a curveball, all comparisons with the earlier "phenom" seem inappropriate, if tempting. For in Kingman the Giants are convinced they have the next great power hitter in baseball.

There can be no question about his power. Last year, in New York's Shea Stadium, Kingman hit a ball that cleared the bullpen in left field and struck the Giants' team bus parked outside. On a rare windless day in Candlestick Park, Kingman broke his bat on a pitch and still hit it over the right-field fence. While playing for the Giants' farm team in Phoenix, Kingman in batting practice hit a ball over the 55-foot-high fence in dead center field, 430 feet from home plate. In Little Rock, Ark. one of his home runs broke a window in the National Guard armory across the street from the ball park.

In his first major league game he pinch-hit a grand-slam homer against Pittsburgh. The next day, in his first official start, he hit two home runs off the Pirates' Dock Ellis. His first hit after returning to the lineup after spending 12 days in a hospital recuperating from an appendectomy was a triple. His two-run homer against San Diego on the last day of the season clinched the Western Division championship for the Giants. Eighteen of his 32 hits as a late-season player were for extra bases. Before he was summoned to the aid of the parent team, he hit 26 home runs and drove in 99 runs in only 105 games with Phoenix. And Phoenix plays in a ball park about the size of a Los Angeles suburb.

Ah yes, but where to play him? Kingman was drafted by the California Angels as a pitcher after he finished high school in Mt. Prospect, Ill. He went instead to the University of Southern California, where he pitched his freshman and sophomore years and was moved to the outfield his junior year to take advantage of what Coach Rod Dedeaux considered near-Ruthian potential. He was an outfielder his first year as a professional at Amarillo, a first baseman for Phoenix part of last year and both a first baseman and an outfielder for the Giants the rest of it. And now San Francisco Manager Charlie Fox wants him to be a third baseman.

"It's really crazy," says Kingman, who will happily play anywhere for the privilege of swinging his bat. "I've never been on a team before that needed a third baseman."

For that matter, the Giants are not all that desperate for a third baseman. In Alan Gallagher they have one who hit .277 last season. But as Fox says, "I've got to get that bat of his in the lineup someplace." If the experiment works and Willie McCovey's fragile knees hold together long enough for him to play a season at first base, the Giant infield will be, at least physically, head and shoulders above the opposition. And if Kingman can play third, he will bat third, just ahead of McCovey, whose ominous presence in the on-deck circle could protect the inexperienced Kingman from the junk pitches that cause him trouble.

"You do not take a chance on walking the man who hits ahead of Willie McCovey," says Fox.

The question remains: Can Kingman do it? He certainly doesn't look like a third baseman, but Coach Joey Amalfitano, who has been tutoring him, regards him as an apt pupil. "He learns fast," says Amalfitano, "and his biggest asset is his quickness and agility. He has fine lateral movement and he can come in on a ball. I say he's gonna make it."

Kingman admits he has difficulty moving in quickly enough on slow ground balls, but he feels this is a defect that can be cured with experience. Besides, he would rather play in the infield than the outfield.

"Actually, I'm just happy to be on the ball club," he says. "In college, Rod had trouble convincing me to make the shift from pitching. The real selling point was being able to play every day. Now I'm looking forward to playing just one position, but I suppose I'll have to put up with the idea of moving around a little." Chances are he will, since Willie

continued

There are two cars built in Sweden. This is the one with front wheel drive for a firmer grip on rain-slick roads.



When we built the first Saab, we built it with front wheel drive for roads that are one big puddle.

From that car to today's Saab 99E, we've seen no reason to change. Because, with the engine weight directly over the drive wheels, you get a better grip on the road.

And with the engine pulling you around curves instead of pushing you, you're less likely to skid. (In a rear wheel drive car, the rear wheels have a tendency to keep going straight even as the front wheels start to turn).

But front wheel drive isn't the only thing that makes us different from the other car built in Sweden.

We have rack and pinion steering for a better feel of the road and quick response.

Impact-absorbing bumpers that reduce your collision insurance rates 15% at Allstate.*

Headrests with a hole in them so they don't block your view.

The world's only electrically-heated driver's seat to keep you warm until the rest of the car warms up.

And "roll cage" construction. The kind that soon, by law, may be required on all cars.

But the best way to tell the difference between the two cars built in Sweden is to find a road that is really "slippery when wet" and drive both cars over it.

We think you'll want to keep driving the Saab.

SAAB 99E

Before you buy theirs, drive ours.

*Allstate discount available in most states. For the name and address of the dealer nearest you, call 800-243-6000 toll free. In Connecticut, call 1-800-882-6500.

Handcrafted to take it. And take along.



Take it along . . . for years and years of enjoyment. Zenith's compact black-and-white portable TV, *The Urbanite*, model C1340W, has a Handcrafted chassis—ruggedly built for long-life dependability. Lightweight cabinet, less than a foot high. 12" diagonal screen.

At Zenith, *the quality goes in before the name goes on.*

ZENITH



...a TV Picture.

English Leather. The Heavy Duty Deodorant.

What do we mean by heavy duty? Just this. A thick stick of deodorant laden with lots of our clean, fresh, long lasting English Leather® scent. With one application you get plenty of coverage and plenty of deodorant protection. And it's your personal deodorant. Only you use it. Which is one good reason why our stick deodorant lasts longer. Try our Heavy Duty Stick. It comes in a convenient travel size. All for a light price: $1.25



PRODUCT OF MEM CO., INC. NORTHVALE, N.J. 07647 © 1972



more guts! less cuts!!

If you feel you're being cheated out of the distance you deserve from your swing, or that the ball you now play cuts too easily . . . then it's time you switched to the Ram 3-D. It has the liveliest center made, high tension windings and a DuPont Surlyn cover that refuses to cut.

Try one soon, and find out why golfers everywhere are switching to the . . .

RAM 3D

FIRST WOUND DISTANCE BALL YOU CAN'T CUT!

RAM GOLF CORP., MELROSE PARK, ILLINOIS

Mays and the habitually infirm McCovey cannot be expected to play every game and Kingman can substitute in both the outfield and the infield.

Kingman himself has never played a full season in any one place as a professional. He joined Amarillo after USC won the college World Series and hit 15 home runs in 60 games there. He was called up from Phoenix two-thirds into last season and had been with the Giants about a month when he "woke up one morning with a gut ache." It was, in fact, acute appendicitis, and it was feared he might be lost to the team for the rest of the season. Instead, he was back in the lineup, "taped up pretty good," within two weeks.

There are those in the Giant organization who think Kingman might profit from another year in the minor leagues. But Kingman is not among them and neither, apparently, is Fox, a manager who won his division championship last year by placing faith in his younger players—notably Chris Speier at shortstop. Kingman has no illusions about instant stardom, however.

"I have many, many weaknesses as a hitter," he acknowledges. "I have trouble with off-speed pitches, and I'm working on that. I have always been aggressive at the plate. Now I'm learning more about waiting for my pitch. Screwballs bother me. I'm still not sure who had the advantage the first time around, the pitchers or me. But we'll see."

Indeed, Kingman is seeing an inordinate number of slow-breaking pitches this spring. And there have been occasions when he has been made to look awkward.

Fox expects a hitter who swings with Kingman's gusto to strike out often, but he also looks forward to those occasions when contact is made. "Sure, they'll get him a few times," says Fox conspiratorially, "but then watch out."

If Kingman has them watching out often enough, he can be an enormously popular athlete in San Francisco, a community that loves new faces. It may be true, as the *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist Herb Caen has suggested, that when a San Franciscan thinks of the name Kingman, he thinks of the watercolorist Dong, not the slugger Dave.

But the way slugger Dave is being talked about in these fanciful days of spring, when "phenoms" are cultivated, that too could change. **END**



WIN THIS VACATION HOME & A PIECE OF "SALEM COUNTRY"

($10,000 TOWARDS PURCHASE OF THE BUILDING SITE)

OR $30,000 CASH!

© 1972 R J REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY WINSTON-SALEM N C

"SALEM COUNTRY" STAKES OFFICIAL RULES

1. On an official entry blank or on a 3"x5" piece of paper hand print or type your name address and zip code

2 With each entry send 2 empty Salem packages (any size) or the words Natural Menthol Salem printed in block letters Enter as often as you wish but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope Mail to "Salem Country" Stakes P O box 6216 St Paul Minnesota 55182 Entries must be postmarked by May 31 1972 and received by June 7 1972

3 Winners will be determined in random drawings conducted by Spotts International, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final

4 The First Prize is a $12 000 3-bedroom vacation home 900 sq ft 13-sided model by Rondesics Leisure Homes, Inc and up to $12 000 towards erection of the home plus $10 000 towards purchase of the building site or as an alternate prize $30,000 cash 5 second prizes are a $R 520 2-bedroom Rondesics vacation home—the 800 sq ft, 12 sided model and up to $9 500 towards erection of the home or as an alternate prize $15 000 cash 5 000 third prizes are a Miniature 7'-10" San Jose Juniper tree All winners will be notified by mail

5 Prizes are non transferable and non redeemable for cash No substitutes for prizes as offered Only one prize to a family The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received All 5 006 prizes will be awarded

6 Local, state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the winners

7. Open to residents of the Continental United States and Hawaii only With respect to first or second prizes residents of Alaska and Hawaii are eligible for cash alternative prizes only Entrants must be 21 years of age or older Employees and their families of R J Reynolds Tobacco Co, and Rondesics Leisure Homes, inc, their subsidiaries and affiliated companies their advertising agencies and Spotts International are not eligible Void in Idaho, Missouri, Washington Florida, Georgia, and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply To obtain a list of winners, send a stamped self addressed envelope to "Salem Country Winners," P O. Box 6254, St Paul, Minnesota 55182 Winners lists will be mailed by September 1 1972

To obtain further information and literature on Rondesics Leisure Homes, write to Rondesics Leisure Homes Corporation, Dept S32 527 McDowell St., Asheville, North Carolina 28803

Entrants must be 21 years of age or older.

"SALEM COUNTRY" STAKES

Mail to 'Salem Country' Stakes
P O Box 6216, St Paul Minn 55182

Please enter me in the Salem Country Stakes Enclosed are two empty Salem packages (any size) or the words Natural Menthol Salem' printed in block letters on a 3 x5 piece of paper I certify that I am 21 years of age or older

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address _____ Phone No _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____
(REQUIRED)

No purchase required Enter as often as you like



5 SECOND PRIZES
2-Bedroom
Vacation Home
or $15,000 cash

5,000
Third Prizes—
Miniature 7'-10'
San Jose
Juniper Tree



KING 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine

SUPER KING 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG '71.



Half the lawns in America are starving.

Know why? Because half the lawn owners in this country are feeding their lawns only once every few years, or not at all.

And that's really a shame.

Because even though nature supplies some nutrients, it's just not enough to carry most lawns through winter's cold and summer's heat.

Hay fields, sure. But not lawns.

You want thickness, not tallness. You want leaves, not a crop of grain. And you want grass, not weeds.

Yet the only way to get what you want is through feeding. Regular feeding.

Because a well-fed lawn is a healthy lawn. Which means it's better able to withstand disease, insects and drought. Not to mention holding off crabgrass and other weeds.

An unfed lawn, on the other hand, barely has the strength to live, much less fight back.

So if you really want a nice looking lawn, stop starving it. Please. Even if the fertilizer you use isn't one of ours.

Give your lawn a chance to live.

SCOTTS
The Lawn People

Lanny Boy just whomps it

Young Wadkins arrived on the tour with a quirky swing and a load of confidence. Now some of the rival laughter has turned to tears

It is about time Lanny Wadkins arrived. Pro golf needs him. He likes to dive off cliffs. He is human enough to grin when he makes a putt and grimace when he blows one and he even has the audacity to defile the practice tee by purposely hitting his quick-out shot, also known as the Spiro special, or (whisper) a shank. At the Doral-Eastern Open earlier this month he showed why tour followers were beginning to regard him as the freshest personality since Lee Trevino. While the suntanned clan diligently went about the grim work of perfecting the one-piece takeaway, Wadkins had some fun with his broken Tinker Toy swing, slapping out a few smart looking shanks before returning to the pool area for a swim. The rookie didn't feel like practicing and, anyway, the wind was blowing the wrong way.

If Wadkins appears brash and confident, his golf game is not exactly invisible, either. This is the 22-year-old who turned veteran pros' necks scarlet by agreeing he might win $200,000 in his first year on their tour and promptly began filling his bank accounts with winnings. In retrospect, the figure might have been modest. On rounds of 72-72-70-72—284, Wadkins finished in 16th place in the Doral, eight shots behind the winner, Jack Nicklaus. This brought him only $2,325—but then it was the first time in four weeks he'd failed to finish in the top ten. During that period Wadkins played 17 consecutive rounds of par or better, and since the tour began in January he has won $44,277, good for eighth place on the prize list, the best start for a rookie in 10 years.

"I like his attitude," says Nicklaus. "He's a very positive kid. He thinks he can win and he thinks he can play. If you don't have faith in yourself, baby, nobody's going to have faith in you."

When Nicklaus came on the tour 10 years ago, he felt he could win and he did. He pocketed first-place money in three tournaments that rookie year and finished in the top ten 10 times in his first six months. Since then, a bagful of promising youngsters have popped up. "They may say, 'Yeah, I'm going to win,' but they don't really mean it," says Nicklaus, and Wadkins agrees.

When Wadkins arrived on tour last October, the old boys said that his swing was impure, full of tilts and jerks. Worse, his putter wasn't very pure, either. The whole contaminated combination was likely to send young Lanny back to finish his studies at Wake Forest University. It was there, to be sure, that Wadkins had finished second in the 1970 Heritage Classic, beating all the pros but Bob Goalby, but he was playing for fun then. This was a new golf game.

Well, nothing's changed. Lanny Wadkins and his wife Rachel, who has a pair of double-eagle green eyes, are enjoying growing up rich on the pro circuit, where life so far has been nonstop golf, swimming, tennis and shopping. This summer they expect to return to a friend's home in the mountains of Virginia where, as in the past, they will water ski and high dive off a cliff into a lake. "We're having so much fun," Wadkins said wistfully last week, "you kind of worry something's going to happen."

There has been some misfortune. In December, Rachel gave birth prematurely and the child died a day later. And last month a thief visited their motel room and swiped all of Lanny's bright golf slacks. The burglar probably wanted to dress like a pro. But maybe not. He took some of Rachel's dresses, too.

Wadkins began playing golf in his hometown, Richmond, when he was eight years old. He broke 80 when he was 10 and at 13 he and his younger brother Bobby rode a train all night to the National Pee Wee championships in Orlando, Fla., where Lanny shot three under par on the opening day—the first time he had broken par—and two under the second, a tournament record no Pee Wee has since equaled.

In those days, he hit the ball just like Ben Hogan, and putted the same way, his stroke on the greens having something of the quaver of the over-90 group in a seniors tournament. The look was deceiving. At 16 he finished 18th in the 1966 U.S. Amateur and, as his putting improved, so did his scoring. By 1969 he was named to his first Walker Cup team and in 1970, at the age of 20, he was ready, finishing first or second in all but two tournaments he entered.

Wadkins turned pro last July, forgoing defense of his amateur title and bogeying the fond hopes of the United States Golf Association, a group that would like to find another Bobby Jones. Wadkins might just have been their man, but he was $12,000 in debt and dissatisfied with the stringent rules of amateur golf. "Amateur competition now is just like college basketball," says Wadkins. "It's a steppingstone to the pros. If I was going to lose money, I figured I might as well do it as a pro."

If he is going to make money, Wadkins will do it despite his swing. Only 5′ 8½″ and 160 pounds, he hunches over the ball at address, his hands held extremely low, and then, as he picks up the club, almost as though it were for laughs, he tilts his shoulders in an odd fashion. "I don't really know very much about theory, just the basics," he says. "I was taught them and then just told to 'whomp it.' That's what I do.

"It's not exactly like Jim Simons," Wadkins says, speaking of his Wake For-

continued



A MASTERS BLAZER IN HIS FUTURE?



From its Sequential Cam System that antiquates the conventional noisy cam gear and swinging plate to its Synchronous Power Unit, the BSR McDonald 810 is designed to match or exceed the performance of any automatic turntable currently available◆ Some other highlights include a Variable Pitch Control◆ A 12" dynamically balanced turntable platter◆ A viscous-damped cue and pause control with exclusive friction Cue Clutch to keep the tone arm cued over the exact groove◆ An automatic tone arm lock to eliminate accidental damage to the stylus or record◆ A Concentric Gimbal Arm Mount and featherweight push-button operation featuring the widest selection of operating modes◆ Your BSR McDonald dealer will be happy to audition the 810 for you◆

Introducing the BSR McDonald 810 Transcription Series Automatic Turntable.

The price for this unbelievable performer? $149.50◆ From BSR◆ The world's largest manufacturer of automatic turntables◆

BSR (USA) Ltd
Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913

BSR
McDONALD

A Touch of Nostalgia (and a surprise hidden inside!)

This lovingly wrought metal replica of The General, brings back memories of the great days of railroading. 11" long, 4" high, weighing a full 3 lbs., with moving parts and exact in every detail, "The General" is a collector's item and a stunning decoration for office, living room or den. But that's not all; hidden within is a superb electric/butane cigarette lighter, actuated by touch of a button to produce adjustable flame through the chimney. A practical accessory, a touch of nostalgia and a handsome relic of America's colorful past.

☐ Send me "The General." I enclose $25.95 ($24.95 plus $1 for post. & ins.)
Calif. res. add tax. One year written Guarantee for Parts and Workmanship.
Return in 2 weeks if not pleased. Name_____
Address_____
Zip_____ SI0320



haverhill's
584 Washington, San Francisco, Calif. 94111

est teammate who led last year's U.S. Open after the third day. "He's a real fundamentalist, carries notes around and everything. We play together and it just blows his mind. I'll hit a shot and he'll say, 'How did you do that?' and I'll say 'I just whomped it, Jim.'"

There's a little more to it than that. Wadkins once played 72 holes of golf in a day, and he has been known to spend an entire day on the practice tee, that is, if the wind is blowing the right way and there is some lush turf to hit. It was this idiosyncrasy that left Rachel fuming before the Inverrary Classic. Paired with tennis star Pancho Gonzales in the pro-am, Lanny decided to withdraw for a day of practice. Rachel had been counting on a complimentary tennis lesson. She forgave Lanny when he finished second, winning $16,530.

"I think I've learned to manage shots," says Wadkins. "I don't throw away as many as I used to." He was referring to his amateur days, when the combination of playing on easier courses and against tepid competition blunted his will to play well. That is one reason why he never did dominate the amateurs as Nicklaus had.

At the Bing Crosby tournament earlier in the year, a girl read Wadkins' palm and predicted that April, the time of the Masters, would be a very good month. "I've had it on my mind ever since," he said. "Maybe it'll work and I'll win."

That is the brash Wadkins talking. He does not speak of winning any old tournament: major championships are his game. He points out that he hits the ball high, good for Augusta, and that he drives the ball far and straight, nice for the Open.

"To be classified as a great player," he says, "when your career's over you have to have won about five or six major championships. I like to think I can do that, maybe 10 or so."

Last year, after Wadkins had announced he would be satisfied with about $200,000 worth of tournament checks, a smiling Arnold Palmer talked to him. "He said something sarcastic," Wadkins will only say. Whatever the remark was, it probably could stand editing now. When Lanny Wadkins stands up to swing these days, nobody—not even Arnold Palmer—laughs. Sometimes the other pros cry a little, but they might as well get used to that. **END**

The rear trunk of a 914 contains 7 cubic feet of empty space.

That's room enough for three good-size travel bags, a set of golf clubs and a small ray gun.

You can also stow the fiberglass roof back here without disturbing the luggage.



The doors are nearly 4 feet wide. You can actually get in and out without tucking your knees under your chin.

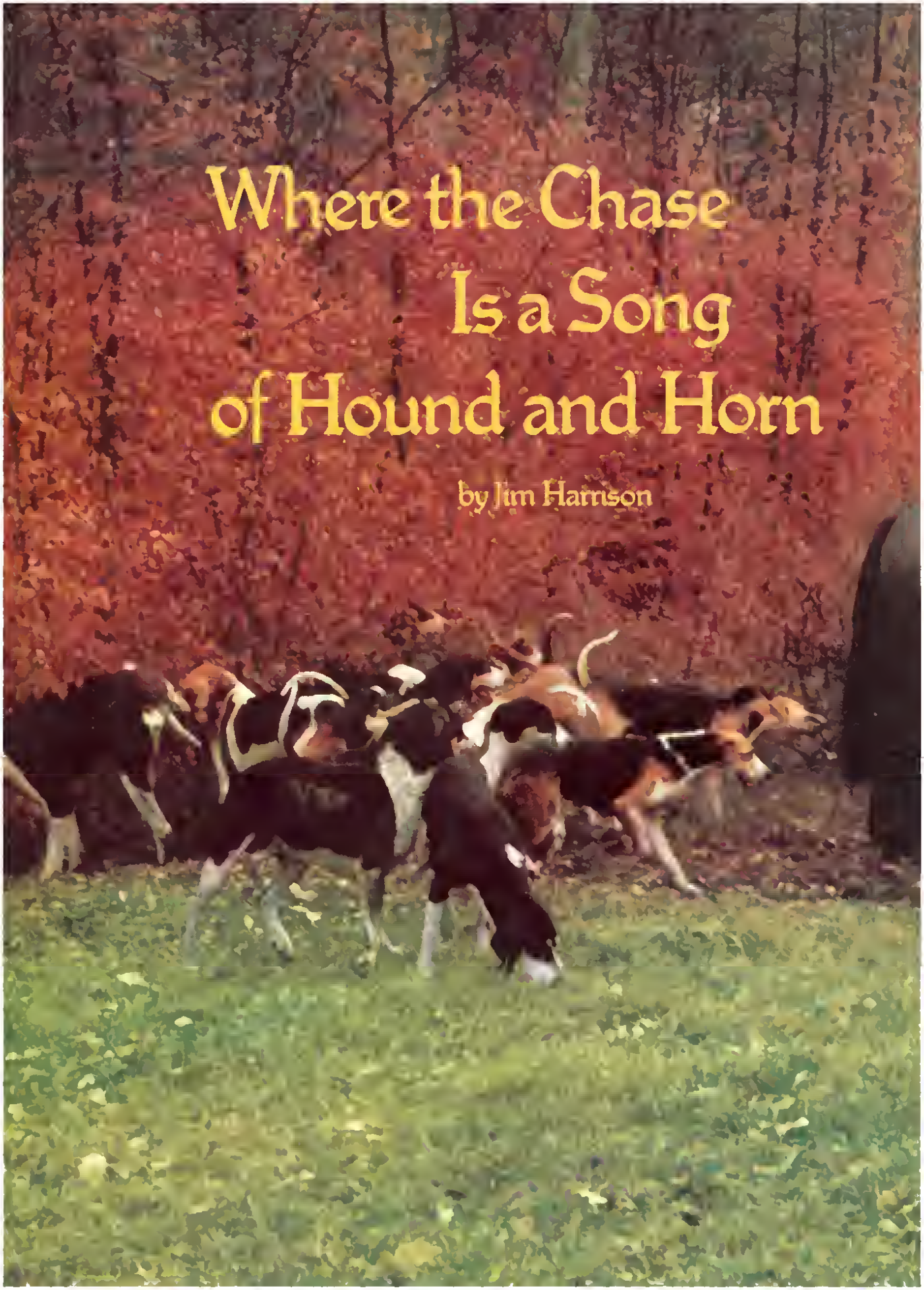
The engine and gearbox are positioned behind the seats in our race car tradition. It also gives more room for your legs up front.

Up front is another trunk with even greater space than the one in back. (9 cubic feet of empty space.)

Besides having two trunks, the 914 has the unique distinction of being a Porsche.

With an earthy price.

The Space Porsche


Where the Chase
Is a Song
of Hound and Horn
by Jim Harrison



A bushwhacker from Michigan, whose deerslaying experiences were decidedly common, is a guest of gentry in France and witness to their noble and ancient pursuit of the stag. Despite freeways and housing developments, the baroque sport of tapestries endures



CONTINUED



The Chase *continued*

We drew up to the small village of St. Georges-Motel, if drawing up can be thought of as in the 100-kilometers-per-hour class. My driver was Count Guy de la Valdène. He usually eschews the title Count, claiming that it is mostly handy for making difficult restaurant reservations. That afternoon he had picked me up in Paris for the ride 50 miles out into Normandy to his mother's place, near which there was to be a stag hunt—in the grand fashion. On the way we had talked a little of the sport, my knowledge of which was limited to old tapestries in art books. He kept using the French pronunciation for the word "equipage" (ek-kee-pajjh) and, rather than admit my ignorance, I chose to think of the word as a description of a malaise, say a virulent form of hiccups, though, of course, my association fit none of the sentences.

It had been plain in the preceding days that my two years of college French taken a decade before were sloppily insufficient. All attempts had been met by querulous stares from waiters, bartenders, the concierge, even the gendarmes who after slight bows would glare snottily at my long hair and mustache. Perhaps they took me for some student bent on loosening a cobblestone to throw through the Van Cleef & Arpels window. Most likely though, subtracting the drama, I was regarded as just another dumdum tourist asking tourist questions.

The car had stopped before an enormous iron gate and an old lady ran out from a cottage to open it. We drove down a double aisle of trees, turned left crossing a moat and pulled into a courtyard. There in the twilight was a huge dwelling, which could be recognized from years of moviegoing as a château. My efforts toward nonchalance were rather weak. Walking in, I uttered a not very appropriate "nice place you've got here."

After a change of clothes and a quick drink—wishing I owned a cape or something similar—we went out to eat at a pleasant little auberge down the road, the inside of which resembled a florist's shop, so profuse were the fresh bouquets. Guy and his attractive wife Terry ate rather simply, but at their insistence I had a woodcock pâté, a heavily truffled omelet and a huge serving of wild boar plus a few bottles of wine, fruit, cheeses and a tasting of several brandies.

The next morning I awoke early out of severe indigestion. Why must good food in quantity exact pain? I meditated on Igor Stravinsky's fabled digestive powers and the gourmandizing of Balzac and Diamond Jim Brady, who had willed his enormous stomach to a medical school for study. I opened the drapes and looked out on some mammoth formal gardens, stretching off to a colonnade a quarter of a mile in the distance. Eager to walk around the grounds, I tried to slip out but was met by a servant with coffee and croissants. Guy had mentioned that his mother raised horses and I wanted to give them a look. My years of familiarity with the animals (we keep three on our own farm) enable me instantly to tell a Shetland pony from a draught horse, and after many nasty falls and doggish bites I have settled on looking at these creatures from a distance as if they were ambulatory paintings.

I walked around for several hours. There were swans in the moat and in the several ponds and also a flock of wild mallards. A river and several brooks meandered through the grounds, which were covered with huge beech and oak trees. The stables, paddocks and neatly fenced pastures appeared to take up several hundred acres and I counted some 40 fillies, colts and mares. In the stable courtyard I tried some of my French on a man who quickly explained in good English that he had received some of his training at racing stables in the United States. Guy's mother, Mrs. Allen Manning, has a keen interest in thoroughbreds, as do her brothers, Raymond and Winston Guest. The horses trotted up to the fence to be lovingly petted; they lacked the gestures of hostility I associated with some quarter horses (offer a carrot and lose a finger).

Back to the château. On the third floor there was a charming room decorated in the manner of a small American cocktail lounge, a place to escape from the elegance of the rest of the château. I had a not very moderate Ar-

magnac and played Pink Floyd's *Atom Heart Mother* on the phonograph, which made me a trifle homesick. I momentarily longed for my Merle Haggard albums and home where the grouse season was in full swing and also the steelhead fishing. I walked back downstairs and took one of Guy's fly rods and cast from the bridge into the moat for a while. There were no fish there other than minnows, but I wouldn't be able to fly-cast in a moat very often during this short life.

That afternoon we took a long drive through the forest where the hunt would take place. There was a startling resemblance to some of the good grouse and deer areas in Michigan, with swales and brambles and stunted oaks, the acorns covering the ground. Our drive ended at a pentagonal tower with a lawn in the center of the forest, the pavilion from which the hunt would begin. Just down the road we stopped at a white stucco farmhouse with a huge kennel behind it and met Serge Hervé, the head working man of the hunt, and his wife and daughter. Hervé exudes an impression of strength and incredible vitality—he does not walk, he struts and trots and bounces. We looked at the stag hounds, which are called *chiens de meute*. Each was named and was quickly introduced: Massena, Sombrero, Rubens, Tintoret, Quasimodo, Plantagenet, Tarzan, Potemkine, Offenbach and Opium, among others. Hervé entered the kennel and brought out the best of the hounds, Kroutchev, a 14-year-old with gray whiskers. He hugged and kissed the dog before returning it to the pen. Affectionate gestures seem common among the best dog trainers the world over. The markings and tickings were varied; some of the hounds resembled outsized foxhounds while others looked like blueticks and walkers. The sizes were impressive, running from 60 pounds up to one brute that looked as if he weighed over a 100. Their dispositions were sweet and Hervé had complete mastery over the whole lot, something I hadn't managed with a single pointer.

In the clubhouse were exhibited some of the trophies, the largest of which was hanging over the fireplace. The head approached the size of an elk's, though the spread of the rack was less. Hervé whispered, "*C'est un Monsieur*," which is the ultimate compliment, meaning a noble and huge stag that provided a difficult hunt. Then he showed us another head collected in the past year. He cursed the rack with some humor and explained that the stag had tossed him high over its head with its antlers when he had "served" it. When a stag is brought to bay by the hounds, part of Hervé's job, certainly the most dangerous aspect, is to approach the stag and plunge a silver dagger into its heart. Often the stag isn't as fatigued as he might appear and Hervé has been gored and tossed a number of times. The act of serving requires bravery of a rare sort. Anyone who has watched two male deer or elk arguing over a harem during the rutting season will understand the butting and goring power of these animals. Or, if you're not familiar with these beasts, try to visualize being charged full tilt by a 400-pound mastiff with a set of well-honed horns on its head.

I loitered around for two more days picking up information and any incidental lore I could comprehend on the hunt from the ancient books in the château library. But the weather was too splendid to read. We made a desultory attempt at a duck hunt on some of the many ponds, but the ducks were near the pastures and one doesn't fire shotguns near a dozen foals whose net potential worth far exceeds what I'll earn in my lifetime. I also was apprehensive about scratching up a mint condition Holland & Holland, a shotgun that bore no resemblance to my own battered and overused bush double. There were a minimal number of brown trout in the river to cast to, most of them having been destroyed several years before by an effluent release from an upstream factory. At least that was like home!

The evening before the hunt we dined with Pierre Firmin-Didot, who is the *maître d'équipage d'honneur* of the local group, the Normand-Piqu'Hardi, which is a syndicate hunt, the costs being shared by the 24 full members. For many years Pierre Firmin-Didot had owned a private hunt called Rallie Normandie. He proved a splendid source of information and had hundreds of years of the his-

continued







tory of *la vénerie française* at memory tip. Unfortunately for me, he lapsed immediately into intricate French after explaining that such a splendid tradition could not be described in English, a point over which I expressed some quarrelsome doubt. But Lorraine de la Valdène, Guy's sister, and her friend Christian, a Paris film maker, translated all germane information. I found myself mostly daydreaming about the after-dinner champagne we were drinking. Earlier in the day we had retrieved it along with the dinner wines from the cellar, where there were dozens of cases of musty, soiled bottles. All of the wine at home comes in squeak clean bottles and doesn't taste nearly as good. We were to get up at five a.m. for the hunt, an hour of horror I reserve for only the most promising trout fishing, and even then usually only manage by staying up all night after fishing an evening hatch.

Very early on Saturday morning, when the sky lacked even a trace of light, we drove the half dozen miles through the forest to the circle around the pavilion, which looked splendid in the headlights. I thought of Diane de Poitiers hundreds of years before waking in her nearby château on the morning of the hunt, then riding with the others on their mounts to this same pavilion. I momentarily wanted some share of a glorious history, a history with "class" rather than the casual .30-30 bushwhacking of deer moving along their feeding runways back home. That is meat hunting and there is not even a vague pretension toward a search for a trophy. We pulled up in Hervé's yard, where the lights were on. The hounds, all 47 of them, including the aged Kroutchev and the timid Oxford, set up a bellowing that deafened. Hervé stepped out of the kitchen door and yelled; they became silent and stood at attention. Even the small terrier that trotted along the outside of the kennel fence as if these huge hounds were part of his fiefdom paused for a moment—fortunately terriers are not the size of Great Danes or they would rule us all.

The kitchen was warm and yellow with light and we accepted half a cup of coffee, which Hervé with promptness topped off with a big lashing of Calvados. Calvados at dawn? Oh, well. I finished mine in two gulps, which proved a mistake as the cup was immediately refilled with another half and half. Even my lungs felt the heat and I thought of my dad's term for the homemade whiskey he used to drink, "pop-skull." There were five of us around the table, including Guy and myself. Hervé and the other two trackers spoke in a rapid patois of where best to locate a stag. The Calvados bottle had just been refilled in the back room by Hervé's wife. It was a party bottle, evidently a prized possession. Hervé's shy little daughter Jeanette picked up the bottle and wound a key in the inverted bottom. A small porcelain ballerina twirled in a circle in the center of the amber liquid and the miniature music box that surrounded the key played *Lara's Theme* from *Doctor Zhivago*. Two weeks before in the Sadko nightclub in Leningrad I had watched the band close the evening with the very same song, and several hundred people had stood and cheered. Bad champagne flowed. The movie and the book and the record are banned in Russia and anyway the song was written by a Frenchman. But the Russians somehow knew and loved it and lacked my priggish cynicism about the sentimental tune.

We stood then and went outside. Hervé sorted out the tracking dogs, three hounds that were especially trained not to bay at a stag scent. The idea was to locate a likely animal for the hunt that would begin in three or four hours. The information gathered would be presented to Jean Ferjoux, the *maitre d'équipage*, who would select from the three searchers the most likely stag for the chase.

Guy and I accompanied Hervé and his daughter down a small lane on the other side of the pavilion. Our hound named Ouragan was anxious and we walked at an alarmingly fast pace. The speed was to continue for the next three hours during which we would crisscross dozens of lanes for well over 10 miles. It all seemed excessively swift to me, having overeaten again the night before on some fresh pâté de foie gras with a big chunk of truffle in the middle (with a '28 Anjou), a poached trout, a serving of the small deer known as the *chevreuil* and a quantity of cheeses, the last being a rank goat cheese I would be retasting for the next several days. But then one doesn't travel to France to be temperate when one can be temperate in Michigan without even trying.

It was still very early, just the first pale morning light, and Hervé was pleased with the slight ground fog—the moisture in the air and the heavy dew would make it easier for the hounds to follow a stag. An unsuccessful hunt often hinges on extremely dry weather that provides poor scenting conditions. We found frequent tracks among the stunted oaks but the hounds are trained to the peculiar scent of the male and Ouragan dismissed the tracks as female. Then at the edge of the forest in a tilled field the dog found stag tracks and Hervé and Jeanette and the hound became very excited, but Hervé knelt and judged by the splay and size of the tracks that the stag was too small to bother with. The incident reminded me of a hunting friend in Michigan who could likewise accurately judge the size and sex of a deer by the tracks. We continued on at what seemed an even brisker rate, and out of pride I tried to conceal my wheezing. I had imagined myself to be in good shape from a summer backpacking and the early grouse season back home but I was clearly outclassed by Hervé and the 10-year-old Jeanette. I began to be very pleased when Guy dawdled with his cameras. And I desperately wanted a forbidden cigarette but the smoke would be scented easily by the stag and make him edgy, perhaps moving him out of our section of the forest.

Then after another two miles or so the hound picked up a good-sized stag and we spent an hour on a stratagem that would locate the hundred-acre plot of forest where the stag was hiding. We walked a square of four lanes and saw where the stag had crossed one path but had failed to emerge onto the other three. Hervé and Jeanette appeared happy and so was I, as it meant we could return to the pavilion where I might rest and smoke several cigarettes consecutively. But on the way back we met the other two trackers and were mildly disappointed to discover that one of them who used the hound Oxford had located a very large stag indeed, the proof being an immense chunk of fecal matter. After over 700 years of hunting in essentially the same manner no tricks are missed.

Back at Hervé's we had another drink and spoke with Michel Pradel, who was to drive us during the hunt in his stur-

dy old Citroën. Then we went back to the château and ate an enormous breakfast. Someone in the kitchen had packed a picnic basket for the afternoon: some fruit, mineral water, two bottles of Margaux, Dutch beer, a variety of ham, cheese and pâté sandwiches on miniature loaves of bread. Oh boy, I thought in my capacity of Mr. Piggy. How unlike the tawdry junk I carry along while grouse hunting, or what had been my father's favorite, incomprehensible deer-hunting snack—a baked-bean sandwich with a half-inch slice of onion. My feet ached horribly in my cowboy boots, which have, of course, no sensible relationship to the act of walking but were the only boots I'd brought along to Europe. A thuggish type in Moscow had offered 75 rubles ($80) for them and I should have taken his kind offer.

When we returned to Hervé's at 11 the hunt was nearly assembled and Michel was waiting for us with his friend Lorette. Michel had a small silver hunting horn called a *corne* over his shoulder. Though a high school teacher, he is an addict of the hunt and knows the forest intimately. Guy might have driven but he confessed that we would probably have become lost and he needed a free hand for his cameras, which some of the mounted hunters were busy staring at. They shun publicity as it is mostly bad, the hunt being generally scorned by the Fourth Estate and the intelligentsia, the situation bearing some similarity to that in the United States.

Half the hounds were loaded into a truck to act as replacements later on, and in the cramped quarters some fighting broke out, but it was quickly stopped by a shout from Hervé. Ferjoux, the master of the hunt, was standing in the courtyard with everyone assembled in a closely packed circle. The three trackers with hats in hand made lengthy and elegantly descriptive speeches on the possible virtues of the stags they had located. Ferjoux was preoccupied with the minutest details and asked many questions. We were disappointed when our stag wasn't chosen. The timid little Oxford had won out.

Michel knew precisely where the hunt was to begin and drove around the forest through some small villages and then deep into the woods. Rather solid-looking trees were whizzing by only inches

continued

3 New Amphoras mellowed in fine liquors!

To enrich the natural flavours of our new pipe tobaccos, we mellowed choice leaf with either fine Scotch Whisky, old French Brandy or light Jamaica Rum. The aromas are especially pleasing. A mild smoke for men of good taste.



FREE POUCH OFFER
For pipe smokers who haven't discovered Amphora.

Douwe Egberts, Inc., P.O. Box 789, Chatsworth, Calif. 91311

Gentlemen: I would like to sample the mild, rich taste of Amphora Vintage Selection. Please send me a regular-size pouch of your new AMPHORA:

☐ Scotch Whisky ☐ Jamaica Rum ☐ French Brandy
(Please check one)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

One free pouch per family. This offer is good only in the U.S.A. and expires June 15, 1972. Offer void where taxed or prohibited by law. SVS-1

Come out ahead on a Kawasaki.



We're about to make a very powerful statement: Kawasaki Mach II.

For this is the 350 with more guts, more go than any other 350 in the world.

Think about it. Does any other 350 burn up the road at 112 mph? Or clock 13.6 for the quarter mile—from a standing start? Or pack 45 horses into just 329 pounds? Or handle like a good 125 in traffic?

On second thought, it's the kind of performance you expect from the people who build the world's fastest production machine, the Kawasaki Mach IV. And the world's first trail bike with 10 speeds, the Kawasaki G4. And what has to be the world's best buy in a street bike, the Kawasaki 90.



Think it over and head for a Kawasaki dealer. Compare the Kawasaki line-up with anybody's...for everything from putt-putt to POW! Go ahead; do it. We know who'll come out ahead.

Kawasaki
MOTORS CORPORATION

The Chase *continued*

from my window in the front seat and with each bump my head would narrowly miss crashing into the roof of the car. We parked and stood around for a few minutes, then saw with excitement the approach of the mounts, usually a mixture of Arab and thoroughbred, followed by the hounds. Herve located the tracks with no difficulty and gave a blast of his horn, which was answered by the horn of Ferjoux. In Hervé's capacity as master of the hounds he follows the hunt mostly on foot, something I couldn't comprehend after the morning's jaunt. We were idly talking and smoking when not 50 yards away the stag and three females suddenly broke from cover. The females raced across the lane but the stag paused, then circled back within his own block of woods. Michel signaled with his horn that he thought he had seen a stag but wasn't absolutely positive. One must be sure. A day chasing the wrong stag is the worst of form. The 15 or so hunters with Ferjoux well in the lead descended on us and I dove for the brush to avoid a trampling. A quarter mile off we could hear Herve bellowing at his hounds, then a signal from his horn that it was indeed the correct stag. The hunters were deployed by Ferjoux to visually cover any escape as the hounds drew nearer; the first few hounds to reach the stag would drive him from cover.

While waiting I thought how a whitetailed buck will send a doe or a number of them through a clearing first to test for any conceivable danger. Not very noble to use your mates as decoys but then you don't get to be a great big buck or noble-sized stag by acting stupidly. An experienced stag will often follow a smaller one, butting him on by force for several miles, then veer off in an attempt to fool the hounds by this intelligent ruse. But then the beast broke full tilt across the lane not far from us and Michel gave a definite horn signal to Ferjoux, who answered and gathered his group with some beautiful blasts from his hunting horn, the golden *trompe de chasse*, and they were off within seconds. Ferjoux seems to possess a natural authority, a sort of unassuming *macho* and uprightness that demands immediate respect and obedience; the master of the hunt has the dictatorial powers of an 18th century sea captain and there is simply no breaking of the etiquette of *la chasse*. The horns over each hunter's shoulder reminded me of the walkie-talkies used by those who hunt bear with hounds in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, one of the few places in the state where it is permissible. The men always appeared as huge teeny-boppers with transistor radios pressed to their ears, picture the wiley Chub (Dink) Farley with his "10-4 10-4 10-4," then shrieking into the machine that Big Brun just passed. But this unsavory bit can be contrasted to the one-armed Roy Clous from Emigrant, Montana who will enter the mountains alone and search for weeks to destroy a rogue grizzly with an excessive appetite for domestic beef. But then the stag hunt is as ritualized as the bullfight, the only apt comparison, though the hunt is much less cruel.

Back in the car, Michel and Guy began guessing the stag's next move and we drove even faster this time toward an area where the stag and hounds were expected to emerge. Any respectable wine steward would express disgust at the way we were drinking the Margaux straight from the bottle as the car jounced along. We loitered around a recently timbered area of the forest for half an hour until the baying of the hounds far in the distance told us our guess had been wrong by several miles. We perfected a manner of jumping into the small car within seconds, a performance to be enacted a dozen times in the next few hours.

We began to enter hilly country, plunging down narrow aisles into what could be fairly called gorges. Occasionally we spotted a stray hound that had lost its way. the hound would look at us, then immediately act very intense and interested, much like a bird dog that is either too lazy or tired to enter a brier patch but still wants to present a good appearance. A dozen or so hounds passed in front of us. We jumped out of the car and ran over the top of a ridge to find that it overlooked an entire valley and the village of Montreuil idyllically far below with the river Eure running through the village. It was evident that the hounds had chased the stag straight through town and across a wide field of hay stubble at which point the stag crossed the river.

In the distance we could see the riders regrouping to Ferjoux's horn, the sound echoing melodiously throughout the valley. We plunged down the roadless hill fairly flying in the car, through thickets and over rocks and through Montreuil to the point of reconnoitering. Guy was worried as we were drawing near his mother's estate, for it would be impossible to allow the hunt to enter the château grounds. Stag hounds and hunting horns don't make a wise mix with a breeding farm—one could imagine an errant hound nipping the heels of a colt destined eventually for Longchamp. Fortunately, the stag had headed off through a cornfield toward Dreux, the largest village in the area, actually a small city of some 25,000 people. But this was a bad break for the hunt as the area surrounding Dreux is a semiurban sprawl, and a major four-lane highway, National 12, is in the area.

While the hunters paused to discuss tactics with Ferjoux, I was told it was lucky to see a *debucher* (the stag leaving the forest for open country), as it makes for a more varied though certainly less classic hunt. Some consternation could be sensed from Ferjoux's face as the hunters headed at a gallop toward Dreux. At another small village we paused for a moment and a gas station attendant explained that the stag had passed through town, heading across a large field and through a woodlot toward a sanitarium we could see in the distance. I had a dark surrealistic image of the stag jumping the sanitarium fence and bursting through a group of strolling loonies with the hounds in pursuit, scarcely an aid to therapy. But it turned out to be a TB sanitarium surrounded by a fair stretch of forest, which we passed through and down into another valley where we spotted several hounds swimming across the river. Down the road was a group of cars full of people semiattached to the hunt, and various stratagems were being discussed. Herve and the riders looked fatigued and everyone had a worried appearance. One of the women present had spotted the stag recrossing the river and heading back toward the sanitarium. She said she had seen the stag pause in a field for a rest, having temporarily outwitted the hounds.

An hour of utter tenseness had begun. The stag had hidden himself in a small patch of forest, perhaps a hun-

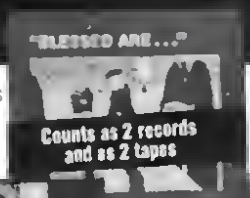
continued

FREE... Any 5 Stereo LPs or

WITH NO OBLIGATION



513 LEO ZEPPELIN
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



035 JOAN BAEZ
Blessed Are...
(2 LPs and 2 tapes)
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



827 CNER
Napp LP, 8TR, CASS



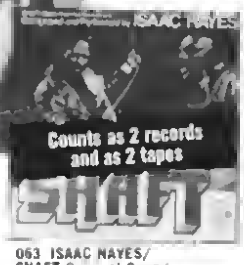
427 DON MC LEAN
American Pie
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



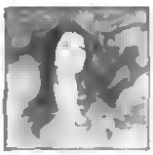
783 DAVID CASSIDY
Cherish
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS



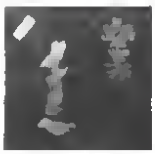
823 THE WHO Meaty, Beaty, Big & Bouncy
Decca LP, 8TR, CASS



063 ISAAC HAYES/
SNAFT Original Soundtrack (2 LPs and 2 tapes)
Enter LP, 8TR, CASS



819 LORETTA LYNN
You're Lookin' At Country
Decca LP, 8TR, CASS



277 B. J. THOMAS
Greatest Hits Vol. 2
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS



514 ROBERTA FLACK
Quiet Fire
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



810 THE BOY FRIEND
Original Soundtrack
MGM LP, 8TR, CASS



313 JOAN BAEZ/
CARRY IT ON
Original Soundtrack
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



780 MOUNTAIN
Flowers Of Evil
Windf LP



027 THE DIONNE WA
WICKE STORY
(2 LPs and 2 tapes)
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

760 PARTRIDGE FAMILY
Up To Date
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS

700 TCHAIKOVSNY
1812 Overture
Yerks LP, 8TR, CASS

275 CANNED HEAT
Live At Topanga Corral
Wand LP, 8TR, CASS

354 THE 101 STRINGS
Webb & Bacharach's Million Seller Hits
Alshi LP

803 THE DONNY OSMOND ALBUM
MGM LP, 8TR, CASS

267 DIONNE WARWICKE I'll Never Fall In Love Again
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

908 LOU RAWLS
Natural Man
MGM LP, 8TR, CASS

708 HANDEL
Water Music
Yerks LP, 8TR, CASS

270 DIONNE WARWICKE
Greatest Movie Hits
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

420 IKE & TINA TURNER
Null Said
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

380 ABBIE HOFFMAN
Wake Up, America!
BigTo LP, 8TR, CASS

308 JOAN BAEZ
Joan Baez 5
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

100 THREE DOG NIGHT
Golden Bisquits
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

777 GODSPELL
Original Cast
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS

779 DAWN
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS

263 B. J. THOMAS
Greatest Hits Vol. 1
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

705 CHOPIN
Polonaises
Yerks LP, 8TR, CASS

707 RCOA STEREO SYSTEMS 7ES7 RECORD
Yerks LP

784 MOUNTAIN
Nantucket Sleighride
Windf LP

704 BEETHOVEN
Piano Sonatas
Yerks LP, 8TR, CASS

117 JAMES GANG
Live In Concert
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS

See for yourself why over 2½ million record and tape collectors paid $5 to join Record Club of America when other record or tape clubs would have accepted them free.

	Capitol Stereo Tape Club (as adv. on Encore Aug. 1971)	Columbia Tape Club (as adv. on TV Guide Aug. 7, 1971)	Capitol Record Club (as adv. on Playboy Oct. 1971)	Columbia Record Club (as adv. on Redbook Aug. 1971)	Capitol Record Club (As Adv. on Redbook Nov. '71	RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
CAN YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS? LPs OR TAPES INCLUDING CARTRIDGE AND CASSETTE TAPES?	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES! Choose any LP or tape on any label! No exceptions. Over 300 different manufacturers including Capitol, Columbia, RCA, Angel, London, etc.
MUST YOU BUY A MINIMUM NUMBER OF RECORDS OR TAPES? HOW MANY?	12	6	12	10	12	NONE! No obligations! No yearly quota! Take as many as few or nothing at all as you decide
HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND TO FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	$83.76 to $95.76	$41.86 to $47.88	$59.76 to $83.76	$49.66 to $59.86	$46.60 to $64.60	ZERO DOLLARS You don't have to spend a penny because you're not legally obligated to buy even a single record or tape!
CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD OR TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS! Your discount up to 79% off! Guaranteed never less than a third! No exceptions!
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS OR TAPES?	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records and tapes you want are sent—and only when you ask us to send them.
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	NO LONG WAITS! Your order processed same day received. No shipping on cycle

TYPICAL "EXTRA DISCOUNT" SALE

$4.98 LPs average as low as $1.91
$5.98 LPs average as low as $2.11
$8.98 LPs average as low as $2.39

Savings of 61% or more from recent Club sales up to $4.39 per LP. Start these giant savings now... not after you fulfill your obligation like other clubs.

	Label	List Price	Average Club Price
PAUL McCARTNEY/WINGS—Wild Life	Apple	5.98	2.11
ALICE COOPER—Killer	WarBr	5.98	2.11
CAROLE KING MUSIC	Ode	5.98	2.11
SLY & THE FAMILY STONE—There's A Riot Goin' On	Epic	5.98	2.11
BOB DYLAN—Greatest Hits Vol. II	Colum	6.98	2.39
JUDY COLLINS—Living	Elekt	5.98	2.11
GRAND FUNK—E Pluribus Funk	Capit	5.98	2.11
SESAME STREET 2	WarBr	5.98	2.11
JOHN DENVER—Aerie	RCA	5.98	2.11
KRIS KRISTOFFERSON—Silver Tongued Devil & I	Monum	4.98	1.91

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA—The World's Largest Record and Tape Club

Any 2 Tapes Cartridge or Cassette Shown Here Worth up to $31.90

TO BUY ANYTHING EVER!

Yes, take your pick of these great hits right now! Choose any 5 Stereo LPs (worth up to $31.90 or any 2 Stereo Tapes (cartridge or cassette, worth up to $13.96) FREE... as your welcome gift from Record Club of America when you join at the low lifetime membership fee of $5.00. You can defer your selection of FREE items and choose from an expanded list later if you can't find 5 LPs or 2 Tapes here. We make this amazing offer to introduce you to the only record and tape club offering guaranteed discounts of 33⅓% to 79% on all labels—with no obligation or commitment to buy anything ever. As a member of this one-of-a-kind club you will be able to order any record or tape commercially available, on every label—including all musical preferences. No automatic shipments, no cards to return. We ship only what you order. Moneyback guarantee if not satisfied.



205 ROD STEWART
Every Picture Tells A Story
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS



116 THREE DOG NIGHT
Harmony
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



907 DONNY OSMOND
To You With Love, Donny
MGM LP, 8TR, CASS



043 FIDDLER ON THE ROOF Original Soundtrack (2 LPs and 2 tapes)
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



770 PARTRIDGE FAMILY SOUND MAGAZINE
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS



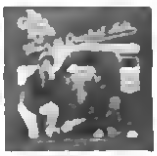
830 NEIL DIAMOND
Gold
Uni LP, 8TR, CASS



778 STAMPEDERS
Sweet City Women
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS



370 JAMES TAYLOR & The Flying Machine
Eupho LP



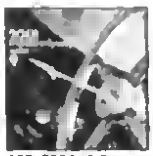
119 GRASS ROOTS
Their 16 Greatest Hits
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



774 5TH DIMENSION
Reflections
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS



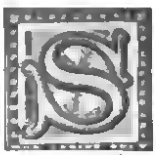
060 JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR
(2 LPs and 2 tapes)
Decca LP, 8TR, CASS



905 2001: A Space Odyssey
MGM LP, 8TR, CASS



885 MUDDY WATERS
Live At Mister Kelly's
Chass LP, 8TR



123 STEPPENWOLF
For Ladies Only
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

783 5TH DIMENSION
Love's Lines, Angles & Rhymes
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS

908 ROBERT GOULET
I Never Did As I Was Told
MGM LP, 8TR, CASS

355 THE 101 STRINGS
Beatles' Million Seller Hits
Alshi LP

773 LAWRENCE OF ARABIA Soundtrack
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS

353 THE 101 STRINGS
Love Story
Alshi LP

900 OSMONDS
Homemade
MGM LP, 8TR, CASS

284 GUESS WHO
Born In Canada
Wand LP, 8TR, CASS

600 OCEAN Put Your Hand In The Hand
KamSu LP, 8TR, CASS

373 QUINTESSENTIAL EARL HINES
Chiar LP, 8TR, CASS

NOW YOU CAN CHARGE IT, TOO!

AT LAST A RECORD AND TAPE CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"—ONLY BENEFITS!

Ordinary record and tape clubs make you choose from a few labels—usually their own! They make you buy up to 12 records or tapes a year—usually at list price—to fulfill your obligation. And if you forget to return their monthly card—they send you an item you don't want and a bill for $4.98, $5.98, $6.98, or $7.98! In effect, you may be charged almost double for your records and tapes.

BUT RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA ENDS ALL THAT!

We're the largest **all-label** record and tape club in the world. Choose any LP or tape (cartridges and cassettes), including new releases. No "exceptions!" Take as many, or as few, or no selections at all if you so decide. Discounts are GUARANTEED AS HIGH AS 79% OFF! You always save at least 33⅓%. You get best sellers for as low as 99¢.

NO AUTOMATIC SHIPMENTS

With our Club there are no cards which you must return to prevent shipment of unwanted LPs or tapes (which you would have to return at your own expense if you have failed to send written notice not to ship). The postage alone for returning these cards each month to the other clubs costs almost an additional $2.40. We send only what you order.

HOW CAN WE BREAK ALL RECORD AND TAPE CLUB RULES?

We are the only major record and tape club NOT OWNED...NOT CONTROLLED...NOT SUBSIDIZED by any record or tape manufacturer anywhere. Therefore, we are not obliged by company policy to push any one label. Nor are we prevented by distribution commitments from offering the very newest LPs and tapes.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY MEMBERSHIP OFFER

Join RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA now and take advantage of this special **Introductory Membership Offer.** Choose any 5 LPs or any 2 tapes shown here (worth up to $31.90) and mail coupon with check or money order for $5.00 membership fee (a small handling and mailing fee for your free LPs or tapes will be sent later). **If you can't find 5 LPs or 2 tapes here, you can defer your selection and choose from expanded list later.** This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP—and you never pay another club fee. Your savings have already more than made up for the nominal membership fee.

NOW YOU CAN CHARGE IT

If you prefer, you may charge your membership to one of your credit cards. We honor four different plans. Check your preference and fill-in your account number on the coupon.

LOOK WHAT YOU GET

- **FREE Lifetime Membership Card** — guarantees you brand new LPs and tapes at discounts up to 79%. Never less than ⅓ off.
- **FREE Giant Master LP and Tape Catalog**—lists thousands of all readily available LPs and tapes (cartridges and cassettes) of **all labels (including foreign) all musical categories.**
- **FREE Disc and Tape Guide** — The Club's own Magazine, and special Club sale announcements which regularly bring you news of just issued new releases and "extra discount" specials.
- **FREE ANY 5 Stereo LPs or any 2 Tapes** shown here (worth up to $31.90) with absolutely no obligation to buy anything ever!

GUARANTEED INSTANT SERVICE

All LPs and tapes ordered by members are shipped same day received. (Orders from the Master Catalog may take a few days longer). ALL RECORDS AND TAPES GUARANTEED—factory new and completely satisfactory or replacements will be made without question.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you aren't absolutely delighted with our discounts (up to 79%)—return items within 10 days and membership fee will be returned AT ONCE! Join over three million budget-wise record and tape collectors now.

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
CLUB HEADQUARTERS
YORK, PENNSYLVANIA 17405 **V002M**

Yes—Rush me a lifetime Membership Card, Free Giant Master LP & Tape Catalog, and Disc & Tape Guide at this Special Membership Offer. Also send me the 5 FREE LPs or 2 FREE tapes which I have indicated below (with a bill for a small mailing and handling charge). I enclose my $5.00 lifetime membership fee. This entitles me to buy any LPs or tapes at discounts up to 79%, plus a small mailing and handling charge. I am not obligated to buy any records or tapes—no yearly quota. If not completely delighted I may return items above within 10 days for immediate refund of membership fee.

5 FREE LPs

or 2 FREE TAPES

		☐ 8 track ☐ cassette

or ☐ **Defer Selection**—send expanded list.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

All Servicemen write Soc. Sec. # _____

CHARGE IT to my credit card. I am charging my $5.00 membership (mailing and handling fee for each FREE LP and tape selected will be added)

Check one: ☐ **Diners Club** ☐ **Master Charge** ☐ **American Express** ☐ **BankAmericard**

Acct # _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

CANADIANS mail coupon to above address. Orders will be serviced in Canada by Record Club of Canada. Prices very slightly.

© 1972 RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA #79

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA—The World's Lowest Priced Record and Tape Club

dred acres, and Ferjoux entered with the best of the hounds in an attempt to flush the beast. But if the stag ran the wrong way he would be headed toward the freeway, not to speak of an American-style housing development, and after that the possibility of a flight through downtown Dreux, which would make for very bad publicity indeed. Luckily, while we were waiting near the housing development, the stag reversed himself again toward clear country. Michel ordered us back into the car. I sort of wanted to stay, having spotted a very pretty spectator whom I asked nasally, "*Ou est le stag?*" She giggled and shrugged but then Guy told me discouragingly that she didn't have the foggiest idea what I was talking about.

Everyone seemed to think the hunt was nearing the end. We retraced the lane to the river and while crossing the bridge saw on a not-too-distant hill the stag and the hounds close behind with the riders straggling a hundred yards back. By the time we got to the hill, a matter of minutes, the stag was standing at bay and a few yards beyond were Ferjoux and his riders. With great ceremony Hervé drew the dagger from the seabbard and walked past the wary hounds, many of which had been gored in the past. The stag appeared in shock and Herve quickly plunged the dagger into its heart. The stag dropped at his feet.

There was perhaps a minute of full silence except for the shuffling of the lathered horses in the dry grass and the guttural mutterings of the hounds that were being kept away from the fallen stag. However stunned and confused I otherwise felt, it was good to see that old Kroutchev was one of the few hounds to complete the hunt. This would be his last year. Then a strange pandemonium broke loose: all of the hunters unshouldered their horns and began playing a strange modal melody that resounded and returned from the far hills on the other side of the valley. The hunters played with a glazed intensity, truly the moment they had been waiting for. A young man in a long army surplus overcoat and very long blond hair began playing with more capability than the others. He owned no mount and appeared to be playing for the joy of it. One of the trackers stooped over the stag and cut out its testicles and threw them in the grass. I wasn't sure if this was a ritual gesture or an act to protect the venison from the strong scent.

Cars began to arrive and a large group of farmers and local workingmen and those who had followed the hunt stood looking rather blankly at the fallen beast. With the midafternoon sun glittering off their horns, the hunters profusely congratulated Jean Ferjoux, whose face had lost its apprehension and was now glowing. The stag was loaded with effort into the back of a station wagon but not before the largest of the hounds had grabbed a leg and pulled the 300 pounds of dead weight several feet, a show of strength for which he was punished only lightly. We got back into the car for the ride to the pavilion, some 15 miles distant, where the hunters would gather for the ceremonies that ended the day.

At the pavilion a crowd of a hundred or so milled around. Guy was rather irked, claiming that the crowd was there, much like those that surround auto accidents, only to watch the gutting and caping of the stag. There would be an hour's wait while the hunters returned on their horses, washed up and had a brandy or two. We sat in the car drinking from a good bottle Michel had produced and finishing the picnic basket. Guy talked of hunts he had witnessed in his youth. He said that a decade ago he had allowed a few men from the hunt to enter the château grounds to dispatch a stag at bay. He had been very nervous about the racehorses, and then the man, not Hervé, who was to serve the stag, lost his nerve and the brother of Pierre Firmin-Didot had dismounted and in his elegant hunting clothes had done the serving, narrowly missing a thrust of the horns. I've always been interested in this primitive form of courage, never having felt much of it in my own bones. An angry dachshund can be an overwhelming threat to a former paper boy.

The trackers arrived with the stag and quickly gutted it and performed the deftest skinning job I had ever seen. Some in the crowd were offended by the smell, which was actually sweet compared to butchering a Michigan deer that had received a gut shot from a .30-06. The trackers carved the meat, placing pieces in a large burlap bag, skillfully stripping the loins and leaving only the sparsely meated trunk and the intestines, which they covered with the hide, propping the stag's head in an upright position.

The hunters emerged from the clubhouse and took their places a dozen feet behind the stag. A short, gracious speech was made by Jean Ferjoux and then Hervé arrived with about half the hounds, perhaps 20. At the smell of the carcass they became berserk, surging and growling within the circle of spectators, but they were easily controlled by a tracker who cracked a whip above their heads. Then the hide was pulled back and placed near the hunters and Ferjoux gave the order for the hounds to be released. Within an instant an indescribable squabble took place: the innards and trunk were pounced upon in unison by all 20 hounds. Fights over morsels had to be broken up by the whip cracking above the hounds' heads. Ouragan trotted out proudly with a lung, a reward for his early-morning labors. He evidently held a high place in the kennel pecking order as no other hound challenged his prize. In a few minutes the remains of the stag had disappeared except for the well-chewed thick white spine. Even the sturdy ribs had been ground up and swallowed. Then on a signal Hervé returned the obedient hounds to the kennel.

The hunters, horns in hand, organized themselves in a group with Jean Ferjoux standing in the middle, his hands behind his back. They took turns playing solos, then choruses: this music, which was to last an hour, was a complete retelling of the four-hour hunt in song. There are over 300 possible melodies to describe particular incidents including the *debucher* and the crossing of the river among others. Ferjoux requested several tunes that apparently characterized the parts of the hunt most pleasurable to him. The young man in the long army coat again played with great beauty and intensity. When the music finished the forest began to darken and the crowd and hunters shivered in the evening coolness. The hunt disbanded.

That evening we sat and rather drowsily talked about the hunt: our natural sorrow and empathy for the stag that all but the most moronic hunter feels for his quarry, but also our sympathy for the hounds, also noble beasts in whose blood anciently runs this urge for

the quarry— dogs that had begun as predators and had their instincts refined by man to hunt a particular beast just as a good bird dog singles out his grouse. The sport is several millennia old in France and in some parts of the world dates back 10,000 years. I had seen in a museum a stele of great lion dogs upon their quarry. There is no apologia now for hunting except that the desire is in us. Some are born hunting but rarely in our time out of need. I thought of the painting I had seen last summer in Browning, Mont. of a Blackfoot delivering an arrow while riding full speed along a buffalo's side. Of course, then it was what is called necessary, but at the very least *la chasse* had preserved the ritual dignity of the hunt that reminded one of some Indian tribes in North America. This was unlike a million licensed hunters in my home state wandering around the shrinking woods probably killing more trees with their stray shots and target practice than the 60,000 to 90,000 deer taken yearly. Without becoming stupidly atavistic, one might say that, at base, we are meat eaters still and some like to kill the meat they eat, which is not far removed in dignity from letting someone else do the killing.

Early the next morning, on the way to Orly at 200 kilometers per hour. I'm not kidding—my emotions collectively left the remnant of the 16th century and reentered the 20th. I thought that the hunt will be finally doomed, not by its outraged opponents but by the fact that there is simply little room left in which to "chase" an animal. Dreux, the sanitarium, National 12, and housing developments and villages, though they were only a small part of the action, left its edges a bit frayed. So the already minuscule remnant of the past suffers further attrition from the usual bane of population. And the motorized cavalcade that follows each hunt confuses the hounds with auto exhaust and diminishes the privacy of the sport. Cars. Population. I left by jet, eight hours from Orly to Detroit, another French name and in part, ironically, the source of the problems. Even noblemen seem less interested in being regarded as noble, what with the force of all of us in the middle who inadvertently will deny them by our press of numbers their ancient pleasures. **END**



If you could get close enough you'd see he's smoking a Gold Label Palma.

The man who is usually surrounded by people is a man who usually surrounds himself with things of good taste.
Like a handsomely crafted Gold Label cigar.
Gold Label comes in a fine selection of sizes and shapes. You too will find one to fit your public image as well as your private one. Light one up, and treat yourself to the mild aroma of rich imported tobaccos. Those first puffs are always a pleasure to the senses. The last puffs, always a confirmation of your first impression.
If you're a man who makes a winning impression, smoke a Gold Label Palma, candela or natural. It's the cigar other people like to be around.

Gold Label
Factory No. 1, Tampa, Florida

JAGUAR • CORONA DE VILLE • PANETELA GRANDE • LIGHT BRIGADE • STILETTO • SWAGGER • DINO

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 7-13

BASKETBALL—NBA Boston's Atlantic Division lead over New York slipped slightly—to 4½ games—when the Celtics lost two and the Knicks won one of three. Cincinnati whacked the Celtics 125-114 to break a five-game winning streak as the Rosals poured in 47 points in the last period. Tom Van Arsdale and Nate Archibald scored 39 points apiece, including 17 points each in the fourth quarter. The next night Milwaukee, with Kareem Abdul-Jabbar scoring 45, edged the Celtics 132-127 in overtime. New York dropped its third game in four starts 100-95 to Philadelphia, then easily beat Midwest leader Milwaukee 110-101 as Jerry Lucas, who scored 30 points, became only the fifth player in NBA history to pull down 12,000 career rebounds. It was the Knicks' third win over the Hucks in four games this season. "It's amazing how we beat them," said Walt Frazier. "It's got to be psychological. Not only do we think we can beat them, we know it." First-place Baltimore upset both Los Angeles 108-94 and Seattle 105-98 to extend its winning string to four (on a Western road trip) and its Central Division lead over Atlanta, which dropped two, to five games. The Bullets not only broke a Laker five-game win streak but became the first team this season to hold L.A. below 100 points as Jack Marin, who scored 29, stopped Jerry West from making a field goal in the second half. The victory over Seattle was the first by a Central Division team in 17 games against the SuperSonics and was the fourth straight in which the Bullets kept their opponents from breaking 100. Seattle's chances of finishing second in the Pacific Division dwindled when its two high scorers, Captain Dick Snyder and Forward Spencer Haywood (fifth best average in the league), joined starting Center Don Smith (fractured leg) on the sidelines for the rest of the season. Snyder broke a finger on his shooting hand and Haywood injured his knee slipping on a wet spot on the court in a 112-110 win over Atlanta. The SuperSonics then lost two in a row while Golden State won two, and the Warriors jumped two games ahead in the battle for a playoff spot behind the Lakers.

ABA Kentucky extended its latest winning streak to eight games with three more wins for a 17½-game lead in the East, and Utah waltzed to six in a row and 17 of its last 18 with four wins for an 11½-game lead in the West. With the two leaders laughing their way to titles, the only suspense in the league was over who would be the latest star to quit his team. Following closely on the heels of Jim McDaniels' leap from Carolina to the NBA was Charlie Scott's abrupt departure from Virginia, the East runner-up. Scott, the league leader with a 34.6-point average, scored 24 in a 113-99 loss to New York to break the ABA season record with 2,524 points, then disappeared from sight, presumably upset over his contract, a depressingly familiar ploy by would-be league-jumpers.

BOXING—Second-ranked light heavyweight contender MIKE QUARRY, brother of Jerry, the second-ranked heavyweight contender, won a unanimous 10-round decision over Tommy Hicks at New York's Madison Square Garden.

CURLING—NORTH DAKOTA, skipped by Bob LaBonte, won the men's national championship in Wilmette, Ill., defeating Massachusetts 8-4 after the two teams finished the six-day tournament with 9-2 records.

HOCKEY—New York closed the gap between itself and East leader Boston to six points. The Rangers walloped Vancouver 6-1 as Brad Park became only the third defenseman in NHL history to reach 20 goals tied Chicago 3-3 (Rod Gilbert scored his 40th goal, giving the Rangers the first line ever to have three 40-goal men) and defeated Detroit 4-2. The Black Hawk tie snapped the Rangers' seven-game win string, but the Red Wing victory kept alive New York's 16-game unbeaten streak, longest in the league this season. Boston, meanwhile, dropped two of three, including a 2-0 shutout by Los Angeles that stopped the Bruins' nine-game win streak and 24-game home unbeaten string. Despite the Rangers' furious pace, third-place Montreal moved to within six points of second with a 4-0 win over Philadelphia on Ken Dryden's eighth shutout and Yvan Cournoyer's hat trick, a 5-4 victory over Pittsburgh in which the Canadiens were outshot 38-34, a 5-1 drubbing of St. Louis for Montreal's eighth straight win and a 1-1 tie with runaway West leader Chicago.

HORSE RACING—TRIPLE BEND ($6.80), Donald Pierce up, won the $170,000 Santa Anita Handicap by a head over favored Cougar II *(page 14)*.

HOLD YOUR PEACE ($6.40), ridden by Carlos Marquez, defeated Florida Derby winner Upper Case by 10 lengths in the $107,760 Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah with Tarboosh a head farther back in third place.

FIGURE SKATING—Olympic champions ONDREJ NEPELA of Czechoslovakia and BEATRIX SCHUBA of Austria successfully defended their men's and women's singles titles at the world championships in Calgary, Alberta while Olympic gold medalists IRINA RODNINA and SERGEI ULANOV of the U.S.S.R. won their fourth straight pairs title.

TENNIS—NANCY GUNTER defeated Billie Jean King 7-6, 6-1 to take the $30,000 Maureen Connolly Brinker tournament in Dallas *(page 10)*.

TRACK & FIELD—SOUTHERN CAL won the NCAA indoor championships at Detroit's Cobo Arena with 39 points, edging Bowling Green and Michigan State, who tied for second, by one point, defending champion Villanova finished fourth with 13 points. Individual winners for USC were HENRY HINES in the long jump (25' 10") and DOUG LANE in the shotput (64' 3½") while HERB WASHINGTON won the 60-yard dash in 6.1 and KEN POPELOY took the mile in 4:02.9 for the Spartans. Bowling Green got most of its points from DAVE WOTTLE and SID SINK. Wottle won the 880 in 1:51.8, defeating Villanosa's Brian McElroy, and Sink took the two-mile run, both run on the winning distance medley relay team. Meet records were set by Colgate's CHRIS DUNN in the high jump (7' 2¾"), Alabama's JAN JOHNSON in the pole vault (17' 1¼"), JACQUES ACCAMBRAY of Kent State in the 35-pound weight throw (71' 3¼") and BARRY McCLURE of Middle Tennessee State in the triple jump (52' 10¼").

VIKTOR SANEYEV of the U.S.S.R. broke his world indoor triple jump record with 55' 8¼" at the European indoor championships in Grenoble, France and Hungary's ISTVAN MAJOR barely missed Valery Brumel's 1961 high jump mark by half an inch with a 7' 4¼" leap.

WRESTLING—IOWA STATE, led by 405-pound CHRIS TAYLOR (SI, March 6), who took the heavyweight title, won the NCAA championships in College Park, Md. for the third time in four years as Michigan State finished second and defending champion Oklahoma State third.

MILEPOSTS—HIRED: As head basketball coach at LSU, PETE MARAVICH, 51, after a 10-16 season. Maravich, who had his greatest success when his son Pete played for him, compiled a 76-86 record in six seasons at LSU.

LOST: By WESTERN KENTUCKY, third place in last year's NCAA basketball championships and its $66,000 tournament share because Center Jim McDaniels had signed a pro contract before the season was over. McDaniels offered to repay the money himself.

NAMED: As general manager of the Milwaukee Bucks, WAYNE EMBRY, 34, an NBA center with the Royals, Celtics and Bucks for 11 seasons, making him the first black GM in major league sports.

DIED: Hall of Fame Outfielder ZACK WHEAT, 83, who had a lifetime batting average of .317 in 19 seasons (1909-1927) with the Brooklyn Dodgers and Philadelphia Athletics, of a heart attack, in Sedalia, Mo.

CREDITS

Cover—design: Dan [illegible]; photographs: Rich Clarkson, Heinz Kluetmeier, [illegible] Sheedy & Long. 14—Eric Schweikardt. 16, 17—James Drake, Walter Iooss Jr., Blanche, Rich Clarkson, Jerry Iooss, Lane. 18—Sheedy & Long. 24, 25—Walter Iooss Jr. 48—Dwight Clark, AP. 53—Will Blanche. 56—Herb Scharfman, Black Star. 61—Wide World, Wide World, from Texas Atlantic. 76—Courtesy Thomas H.

FACES IN THE CROWD



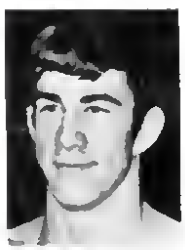
THOMAS BOUTSIKARIS, a senior at Barringer High in Newark, N.J., won the state foil title after taking the city championship three of the past four years. Fencing in dual city league competition, he won 97 straight matches, with an overall four-year mark of 151-6.



LAUREL ANDERSON, a freshman at the University of Washington, won the women's all-round title at the Northwest College women's gymnastic championships by taking the vaulting and uneven bars events and placing second in the balance beam.



DAVE OEVICH, a senior at Highland (Ind.) High, won 55 straight wrestling matches and two state titles in the 185-pound class the past two seasons. In football he led the Trojans in tackles for two seasons and was named all-state linebacker as a senior.



CHRIS CARSTENSEN, co-captain of the Dartmouth swimming team, set meet records in the 50- and 100-yard freestyle and anchored the winning 400-yard freestyle relay team as the Indians defeated Yale for the first time in 47 meets dating back to 1923.



KELLY FUIKS of the Phoenix Chaparrals set a national age-group (12-13) record in the javelin with a throw of 127' 3". Kelly, who also competes in the discus (96' 2½") and the shot (37' 7¼"), and ranks high in both events, had the nation's top javelin mark in '71.

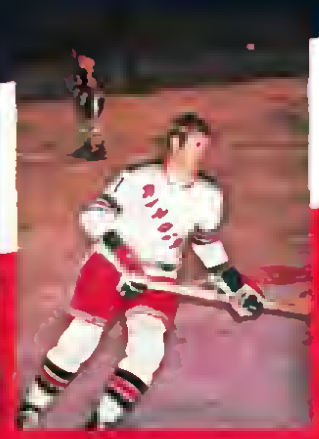


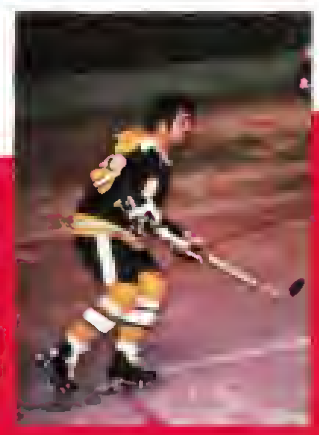
STAN SLIGH, a 6' 7" senior at Hopewell High in Aliquippa, Pa., who has totaled 1,509 points in three seasons, scored 50 in a 99-83 win over New Castle and averaged 20 points and 20 rebounds in the Johnstown Holiday Tournament despite being hobbled by a leg injury.

all pro posters

from Sports Illustrated

2 ft. x 3 ft. $1.50 each



24 of the greatest hockey and basketball stars!

Please send me the posters I've checked on the right at $1.50 each or at your special offer of 4 for $5.00 (and $1.25 for each additional poster.) I have indicated how many of each I want.

I enclose $_____ for _____ posters
☐ Cash ☐ check ☐ money order

NOTE: a poster order under $3 must include 50¢ for postage and handling

These full color posters are shipped in crush-proof tubes, and are rolled to prevent creasing

Please allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery

Sports Illustrated
P.O. Box 441
Norristown, Pa. 19404

name _____ please print

address _____

city _____

state _____ zip _____ 320

NAME	AMT.	NAME	AMT.
1B1 PETE MARAVICH, Atlanta		10B1 BILLY CUNNINGHAM, Phila	
3B1 JOHN HAVLICEK, Boston		14B42 CONNIE HAWKINS, Phoenix	
6B1 BOB LANIER, Detroit		15B24 SPENCER HAYWOOD, Seattle	
13B1 NATE THURMOND, Golden St.		1H1 BOBBY ORR, Boston	
12B1 ELVIN HAYES, Houston		1H2 PHIL ESPOSITO, Boston	
7B1 WILT CHAMBERLAIN, L. A.		1H3 DEREK SANDERSON, Boston	
7B2 JERRY WEST, L. A.		2H1 BOBBY HULL, Chicago	
8B1 KAREEM JABBAR, Mil.		3H1 GORDY HOWE, Detroit	
8B2 OSCAR ROBERTSON, Mil		6H2 JEAN BELIVEAU, Montreal	
9B1 BILL BRADLEY, New York		7H1 ED GIACOMIN, New York	
9B2 WALT FRAZIER, New York		7H2 VIC HADFIELD, New York	
9B3 WILLIS REED, New York		12H1 DAVE KEON, Toronto	

Cochiti.

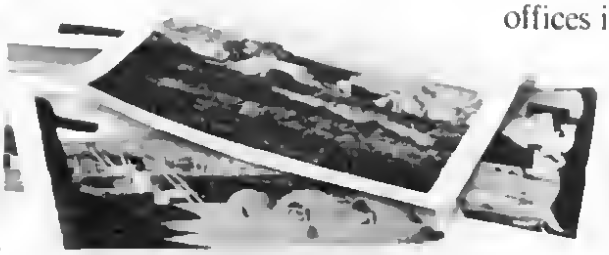
It's an American Indian word. In fact, it's an Indian tribe. For the last thousand years, the Cochiti have lived in the high country of Northeastern New Mexico on a beautiful piece of land that has almost everything: volcanic mountains, abrupt canyons, forests, rivers, wildlife.

Now it's going to have it all.

North of Albuquerque, New Mexico, near where the Santa Fe River and The Rio Grande come together, the United States Army Corps of Engineers is building the world's tenth largest earth fill dam. When they're done, a lake will happen. Cochiti Lake.

It's the largest construction project in New Mexico's history. The dam and the reservoir and the marina will cost more than seventy million dollars.

The Cochiti have a partner helping them master plan and develop an entirely new kind of recreational community at Cochiti Lake.



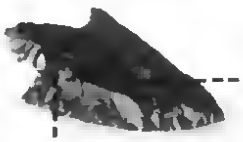
The partner's name is Great Western Cities. They share the Cochiti's philosophy: either do it right or leave the land alone.

There are model homes to see now at Cochiti Lake. Vacation homes. Spacious luxury homes. Spectacular townhouses that look like they were born there. Some of the first families are building already. The swim center and tennis courts, the campsites and picnic areas will be done this Summer. Everywhere you look you see the fresh signs of change.

Maybe you'll want to invest in Cochiti Lake. You can't buy a homesite there because the Indians own the land, and they always will. But you can lease it for the next 96 years. (More than two thousand families have already chosen homesites at Cochiti Lake.) Maybe you'd like to visit there. It's a beautiful part of the world: Santa Fe is one of the oldest, most charming cities in America. There's super skiing at Taos. Albuquerque is growing every day.

There are great universities and enough history to keep you busy for another thousand years.

Don't you owe it to yourself to find out more about Cochiti Lake? It's easy enough to do. There are 4 Cochiti Lake offices in the Chicago area. Call us at 312-297-1540. Cochiti Lake. It's easy to remember. It's the place where the Indians won.



Cochiti Lake.

Great Western Cities Inc., 131 Adams Street N.E.
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87108

I'd like more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zip _____

If you're touring a foreign country, get set for some hard news.

No matter which way you go, you'll run smack into drug laws that are a whole lot tougher than ours.

You may have heard differently. You may have heard possession and sale of drugs overseas or south of our own border is okay. Or at least tolerated. That's a lie. Drugs are illegal. The same as here. And that's the truth.

Only one thing is different. The penalties are stiffer. In Lebanon, for instance, possession and use gets you 1 to 3 years in a mental hospital. That's the law. And there's no way around their law.

Drug arrests of Americans overseas have jumped 70% since last year. And nobody can help. Not friends. Or family. Or the smartest lawyer in town. Not the United States government.

That's why there are over 700 American citizens doing time on drug charges in foreign jails.

Those are the facts. And so are these: the drug laws and penalties of 15 foreign countries.

Which one will you be visiting?

Sweden. Possession or sale: up to 19 months and permanent expulsion from the country.
U S Embassy
Strandeaten 101
Stockholm, Sweden
Tel 63/05/20

Mexico. Possession, 2 to 9 years plus fine. Trafficking, 3 to 10 years plus fine. Illegal import or export of drugs, 6 to 15 years plus fine. Persons arrested on drug charges can expect a minimum of 6 to 12 months pre-trial confinement.
U S Embassy
Cor. Danubio and
Paseodelareforma
305 Colonia Cuauktemorz
Mexico City, Mexico
Tel 511-7991

Spain. Penalty depends on quantity of drugs involved.
Less than 500 grams, fine and release on bail until trial. More than 500 grams, heavy fine plus minimum of 6 years in jail.
U S Embassy
Serrano 75
Madrid, Spain
Tel 276-3400

Italy. Possession or attempted sale, 3 years. Trafficking, 3 to 8 years. Persons arrested on drug charges are not eligible for bail.
U S Embassy
Via V. Veneto
119 Rome, Italy
Tel 4674

United Kingdom. Possession of heroin or LSD, 7 years in prison or a fine of $1,000, or both.
Possession of Codeine or Cannabis, 5 years imprisonment.
U S Embassy
24/31 Grosvenor Square
W 1, London, England
Tel 499-9000

Greece. Possession, minimum 2 years in jail. Trafficking, 5 to 20 years plus fine.
U S Embassy
91 Basilissis Sophia's Blvd.
Athens, Greece
Tel. 712951

Germany. Possession, 3 years. Law may be changed this summer demanding increased penalty.
U S Embassy
Nehlener Avenue
53 Bonn-Bad Godeberg
Bonn, Germany
Tel 02229-1955

Japan. Sentences based on amount of drugs. Recent case involved 600 grams of hashish. Subject was sentenced to 2 years. Deportation follows.
U S Embassy
10-5 Akasaka 1-Chrome
Minato-Ku, Tokyo
Tel 583-7141

Lebanon. Possession and use, 1 to 3 years in a mental hospital. Trafficking, 3 to 15 years.
U S Embassy
Corniche at Rue Aiv
Mreisseh, Beirut, Lebanon
Tel 240-800

Jamaica. Possession, minimum of 18 months.
U S Embassy
43 Duke Street
Kingston, Jamaica
Tel 26341

France. Possession, varies, but less than for trafficking. Minimum of 3 to 4 months pre-trial confinement. Trafficking, 1 to 5 years.
U S Embassy
19, Rue de Franqueville
Paris, France
Tel Anjou 6440

Bahamas. Possession, 3 months to 1 year.
U S Embassy
Adderly Building
Nassau, Bahamas
Tel 21181

Canada. Possession of narcotics (including marijuana) up to 7 years in prison at the discretion of the judge.
Up to life imprisonment, but not less than 7 years for importation of narcotics (including marijuana) into the country.
U S Embassy
100 Wilkington Street
Ottawa, Canada
Tel 236-2341

Denmark. For violation of the Law of Euphoria, fine, imprisonment or both, up to 2 years at the discretion of the court.
The Ministry of Justice has announced that foreigners would be expelled or deported from the country if found in possession of even small amounts of hashish.
U S Embassy
Dag Hammarskjolds Alle 24
Copenhagen, Denmark
Tel TRTA 4504

Turkey. Possession, 3 to 15 years. Trafficking, 10 years to life.
U S Embassy
110 Ataturk Blvd.
Ankara, Turkey
Tel 125-050

Their drug laws are a whole lot tougher than ours.

Check it out.

We've Got The Bulls by The Horn



Jack Fleming Calls The Shots. Home and Away.

Feel the excitement! Hear WIND 560 for every minute of Bulls play-by-play action.

WIND 560 GROUP W

Photographed in the Highlands outside Dufftown, Scotland.



This wee beastie knew the secret of Grant's 8 Scotch before the Grants did.

In 1885 Major William Grant was looking for a special kind of place to build his new Scotch distillery, with spring water clearer and fresher than anyone else's.

Then someone told him about Robbie Dubh's spring, in the village of Dufftown, where the rugged Highland cattle grazed. For years they had it all to themselves.

The water was perfect. So the Major bought the land, moved the Highland cattle to a new pasture of their own and soon was making the best Scotch whisky you could buy.

Today the icy fresh water of Robbie Dubh's spring is still part of Grant's 8 Scotch. It still helps create the smooth, light, balanced flavor that's mellowed to perfection for eight full years.

And Major Grant's great-grandchildren still give this special blend of Highland and other fine whiskies the kind of personal care and attention that only a family-owned and family-operated business can offer.

That's the secret of Grant's 8 Scotch. And you share it every time you open a bottle.



Grant's 8 Scotch: share our family secret.

Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof. ©1972 William Grant & Sons, Inc., N.Y. Importers. Bottled in Scotland.

CH8

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

FOR SPORT'S SAKE

Sirs.

Hallelujah! There is a light in the forest! Until now I was afraid I was the only person who still enjoyed sports for the fun of competition. Your SCORECARD item, "Win, Win, Win" (March 6), has restored my faith that I am not alone.

From the Pee Wee programs all the way to the professional, it seems that this true meaning of sport and competition is being lost. The Pee Wees cannot have fun when they have their hollering parents interfering, and the professionals cannot enjoy competition for its own sake because of the almighty dollar.

TED MISERENDINO

New Rochelle, N.Y.

Sirs:

You did it! You actually said, "Competition . . . is the lifeblood of sport, not victory alone." Congratulations! This little vignette on the win-at-all-costs philosophy as it is applied to sports is the best brief statement on the matter I have seen. The statement, "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing," is as great a hoax perpetrated upon our nation as the statement, "Don't trust anyone over 30." You have put this statement on winning in its proper perspective, differentiating between professional and amateur sport.

I will clip that SCORECARD item, frame it and make several copies to send back to your other editors when they fall into the very same win-win-win rut you have now so convincingly deplored.

GARY WIREN

Eugene, Ore.

Sirs:

You ask: "... is the failure to win really such a terrible disgrace?" I ask you. If the failure to win is not a disgrace of sorts, why compete or even keep score?

Winning is the essence of sport, and if it is not a disgrace to lose, then it is at least a terrible shock to learn someone else is better than you are.

JOHN W. SCHWARM

Saginaw, Mich.

STAN AND BO

Sirs.

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate you for the articles on Stan Smith (*This Smith, a Mighty Man Is He*, Feb. 28) and Bo Belinsky (*Once He Was an Angel*, March 6). I believe these two articles paint a good picture of what life is like at the top in sport and what it is like after you have fallen from those heights.

What is more interesting, though, is the similarity in attitude toward sport of these diverse personalities. Both seem to believe sport should be played for sport's sake. Whether it be Stan's "living for Christ" philosophy or Bo's unwillingness to "stash baseball," the attitude is still one of keeping sport a game, no matter how their reasons differ. These men have the right perspective. After all, it really is only a game.

RON HARDING

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

I was very pleased to see the article about Stan Smith. I am glad there are still people in athletics who are men enough to play fairly without all of the unnecessary childlike displays of emotion and physical brutality.

After reading week after week about people who will resort to any means to win, in business, sport or elsewhere, it is refreshing to read about someone who lives for Jesus Christ and is willing to stand up for what he believes. We talk of people for our children to idolize, yet we seem to take for granted men of Mr. Smith's character.

PAUL O. DILLON

Bozeman, Mont.

Sirs:

Many thanks to Pat Jordan for his fine essay on the quintessential Bo Belinsky. I had the good fortune to see Belinsky pitch for the Indianapolis Indians of the American Association not long before his retirement from baseball, and I think the healthy round of catcalls and jeering he received every time he took the mound was indicative of the fact that Belinsky is still one of America's favorite anti-heroes.

BRUCE NEWMAN

Bloomington, Ind.

BOBBY'S LAMENT

Sirs:

Bobby Hull should blame Coach Billy Reay, not the opposition, for his shadows (*His Majesty Gets Mugged Again*, March 6). As I write this, the Black Hawks have played 65 games, Hull has 42 goals, the rest of the team has only 172, or slightly more than 10 per player. If Billy Reay would play a more offensive-minded game, the opposition would not be able to shadow Bobby because the other players would have to be watched as well.

As for Hull's suggestion that expansion teams put out their worst players when an advertised player comes to town, what good would it do? The expansion teams would still lose, and since visiting teams come to town only three times each, how much money could be made by letting the advertised player score six or seven goals in one night?

Besides, what about the fans in Boston, New York, Montreal and Chicago who get to see 39 home games but must watch expansion teams "performing" in 24 of these? And what will happen next year, when two more teams are added? Are these fans getting their money's worth?

The only solution for both Hull and the fans is to bring back the old six-team NHL and send everybody else to the WHA!

LARRY ELLIS

Concord, Mass.

Sirs:

Bobby Hull's traumatic persecution complex can be completely cured. May I suggest that, considering his speed, size, weight and strength, the Black Hawks transform the Blond Comet into a rushing defenseman. Bobby Orr finds skating room!

CLAUDE TARDIF

Montreal

MAJOR DAWKINS (CONT.)

Sirs:

After several readings, I find that Frank Deford has written an article that deals very superficially with events in the life of Major Pete Dawkins (*All-America, All the Way*, Feb. 21) and includes less than subtle derogatory comments about West Point. Deford first lost my confidence in his article when he ignored Major Dawkins' request not to be treated as "another piece of nostalgia."

Deford implies that, although Major Dawkins is a man of the times, West Point (and its "inhabitants") still lives in the 1950s. Mr. Deford may be gratified to learn that in some respects we still live in the early 1800s. We still march in reviews on the Plain on Saturdays, and we still wear highly ornamented gray uniforms for these reviews. However, it is neither the uniform nor the pageantry that constitutes the substance of West Point. It is the Corps of Cadets, individually and collectively, the people are West Point. It is the group of 4,000 individuals whom Mr. Deford has referred to as "young men who have not been moved by the events of the 1960s." You are wrong, Mr. Deford.

In the process of deciding whether to come to West Point in a period such as the late '60s and early '70s, a young man must assess the possibility that he will die violently in the process of fulfilling his five-year Army commitment. Could a happy-go-lucky, carefree 17-year-old who is unaware of the events of the past 10 years make the decision intelligently? Cadets reevaluate the verity of that decision countless times before graduation. Had Deford taken the trouble to ask questions of a cadet or two he might

continued

Listen to what you've been missing in cassette sound.

You'll hear sound you may never have heard before. Brilliant highs *and* rich lows. Both beautifully balanced in one great cassette.

You need both highs and lows because all music contains both. High frequencies provide "life" and presence. Low frequencies add fullness and depth. And unless your cassette can deliver them in proper balance, the sound that comes out simply can't be as great as the sound you put in.

"Scotch" sound experts know this. So we've developed a tape cassette significantly superior, across both frequencies, to any other cassette we've ever made. And any we've listened to. We call it High Energy.

High Energy will perform superbly on any cassette recorder, no matter how much you paid for it. Or how little.

Without special switches or adjustments of any kind. You'll get the great sound you've been missing—with "Scotch" Brand High Energy Cassettes.

Bonus offer: Purchase five "Scotch" High Energy Cassettes, remove the coupons (there's one in each cassette box) and send them to 3M. We'll send you one free C-90 High Energy Cassette. Offer ends midnight June 30, 1972.

3M COMPANY

"Scotch" is a registered trademark of 3M Co.



Behind a great sound, there's a great cassette. "Scotch" High Energy.



Helps Shrink Painful Swelling Of Hemorrhoidal Tissues Caused By Inflammation And Infection

Also Gives Prompt, Temporary Relief in Many Cases from Pain and Burning Itch in Such Tissues.

There's an exclusive medication which actually helps shrink painful swelling of hemorrhoidal tissues caused by inflammation. And in many cases it gives prompt relief for hours from rectal itching and pain in such tissues.

Tests by doctors on patients showed while it gently relieved such pain, it also helped reduce swelling of these tissues.

The medication used in the tests was *Preparation H®*. No prescription is needed for Preparation H. In ointment or suppository form.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you're moving, please let us know four weeks before changing your address.

ATTACH PRESENT MAILING LABEL HERE.

Mail to: **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**
541 N. Fairbanks Ct.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Name

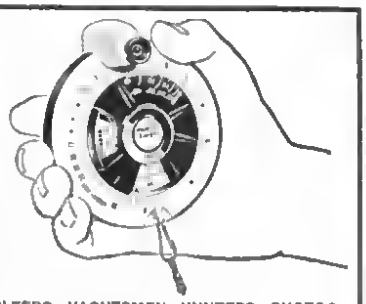
Street

City

State **Zip Code**

Be sure to attach your address label when writing on other matters concerning your subscription—billing, adjustment, complaint, etc.

To order SI check box: ☐ new ☐ renewal Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico, and the Caribbean Islands $12.00 a year, Military personnel anywhere in the world $8.50 a year; all others $16.00 a year.



GOLFERS, YACHTSMEN, HUNTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS ..DETERMINE DISTANCES QUICKLY & ACCURATELY WITH

ranger

You can measure distances from just a few inches to almost as far as the eye can see... quickly and accurately. Photographers use it for perfect focus, golfers to select the right club, yachtsmen to plot precise chart positions. Excellent for measuring rough terrain. May even be used to measure variations in the moon's orbit. This precision optical instrument was developed by Dr. Luis Alvarez of the University of California. Extremely useful and simple to use. Direct readings in miles, yards, or any other unit.

☐ Send me the Ranger $24.50
☐ Send me belt-looped vinyl case $1.95

My check for the above, plus $1 post & insurance is enclosed. Calif. add sales tax. Return in two weeks if not delighted.

Name_____

Address_____

_____ Zip_____

Dept. SI0320

584 Washington St.
San Francisco, 94111
(415) 981-5688

haverhill's



crazy about baseball?
then read baseball digest

Each issue 100 pages . . . player profiles, action photos, rosters, schedules, etc. Send $1.00 for next 4 issues. ($2.00 on newsstands)

Baseball Digest, Dept. SI 4, Box 270, Evanston, Ill. 60204

Happiness is no more turnover.

Hire the Handicapped



TIE-TACK in brilliant red, white, blue and brown cloisonné enamel and 14-K gold finish. To order, simply send Snoopy's picture with your name, address and check or money order for $3.25 each (postpaid) to:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
BOX 46, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY 08607

have found that we are a bit more aware of the 1960s than he assumed us to be. Perhaps even more aware than the average students at a civilian college who do not have as direct a confrontation with war, government and the Army as we do.

Deford's account of one of our football rallies illustrates his lack of understanding of cadets and West Point. Although spirit is an important part of one of our rallies, there is another thing which is possibly even more important. The emotional release of a Friday-night, end-of-the-week party is not one of our options. After a week of wrestling with a heavy academic schedule (with classes still to follow on Saturday morning), a rally, no matter how put-on, produced or manufactured it may appear, is our only means of releasing the nervous energy of the week. Mr. Deford never tried to understand this.

SEAN MURRAY
Class of '74

West Point, N.Y.

Sirs:

Frank Deford's article on Major Pete Dawkins, "the most highly regarded young officer in the Army," was unquestionably one of the finest pieces of journalism in SI's history. Of course, I must admit to a bit of prejudice, being a young Army captain presently serving as an adviser in the Republic of South Vietnam.

Major Dawkins, I feel, accurately refutes the myopic views of the civilian world in regard to the Army with one comment: "The military is never so evil as some would have it, nor so gallant as others."

Countless young officers serve their obligatory two-year stint in eager anticipation of separation day only to find that most, if not all, restrictions imposed in the service exist in private industry as well. Haircuts, mandatory social functions and bureaucratic procedures are hardly exclusive to the Army.

I think far too many of us nowadays live in a dream world where war is nonexistent and only peace, love and tranquility abound. Major Dawkins lies somewhere in between the idealist and the realist. Undeniably, he is an asset to the Army, significantly more so today when we are fighting to establish our identity. Unfortunately, many fellow officers look upon his effort as nothing more than personal aggrandizement. Fortunately, their number is rapidly diminishing, and the day of the enlightened officer, diametrically opposed to the crew-out robot, the epitome of the Army officer of the '50s, is in sight.

ASHLEY B. COLE

Bien Hoa, South Vietnam

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Nine out of ten new Chryslers registered in the last ten years are still on the road.



ARTHUR GODFREY

That should give you some idea of how the '72 Chrysler is put together.

I've spent some time watching them put the 1972 Chryslers together. And I've talked to the guys responsible for building these cars. Believe me, if you're hunting for a car that's built to last, this is it.





I have worries about our environment. So I was pleased to hear of Chrysler's new electronic ignition. It eliminates the points and condenser, and is virtually maintenance free. And it helps keep the engine in tune longer. That's important to me, because a tuned engine means cleaner exhaust.

This is the Chrysler Newport Royal. You'd never know from looking but it's the lowest-priced Chrysler. It's big. It's quiet. And it's built to last. If that isn't the kind of car America wants, I don't know what is.





CHRYSLER
Plymouth

Coming through with the kind of car America wants.

That's their slogan this year, and I think they're doing just that. I saw the way their cars are built And I think Chrysler does have the kind of car America wants a car that will last longer and perform better than any car they've ever built before. Ask your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer for a test drive.

Spend a milder moment with Raleigh.

Highest quality tobaccos–specially softened for milder taste.



You'll enjoy a day in the backwoods more if you take along an Igloo Cooler Chest like his. You can get one for free Raleigh Coupons, the valuable extra on every pack of Raleigh.

To see over 1000 other practical and valuable gifts, write for your free Gift Catalog: Box 12, Louisville, Ky. 40201.

Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, Longs, 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71

© 1972 BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP